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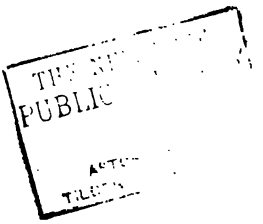
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GEORGE P. RUTLEDGE

CENTER-SHOTS AT ROME

A Series of Lectures on Catholicism

(Stenographically Reported)

BY

GEORGE P. RUTLEDGE

Author of "The Pledge in Sermon"

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1914

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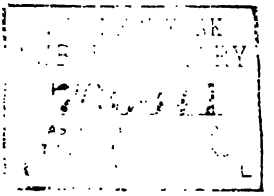

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PREFACE

When the series of lectures, now referred to as "The Columbus Campaign," was announced, nothing more than a neighborhood interest was anticipated.

But when on Sunday evening, Jan. 11, 1914, all the available rooms of the Broad Street Church of Christ had to be thrown into one auditorium, and an audience of fifteen hundred people faced the astonished pastor, he realized, with a staggering suddenness, that he had "a situation" on his hands.

The audiences began assembling as early as five o'clock, and long before the regular hour for service the house was packed. All stairways, vestibules, galleries and Sunday-school classrooms were filled with standing people; people stood, elbow to elbow, around all walls; the pulpit, choir and communion lofts were filled; and the aisles were so con-

gested that the city fire department issued a command calling attention to the law on the subject of public safety. And still the people who wished to hear could not be accommodated; the doorkeepers estimated that one night as many were turned away as secured entrance. The worst blizzards of the winter held two of the meetings in their grasp, but the interest did not abate. The people were "wrought up," and storms could neither blow down nor freeze up their enthusiasm. For seven consecutive Sunday evenings they came from all over the city and the surrounding towns. New Lexington—sixty miles away—had representatives at all the meetings save the first.

The campaign naturally met with Roman opposition. Catholic reporters were on hand, three at a clip. They sat together and put forth no effort to conceal their mission. The day following the first lecture, a committee with a typewritten copy waited upon one of the trustees of the church, stated that the lectures were being stenographically

reported, that the names of all the men in the church were tabulated and under consideration, and demanded that the officers of the church should discontinue the series. It is also known that Catholics attended the meetings in large numbers, and the presence of several priests was likewise reported. Quite frequently, people "talked out loud," and such expressions as "He's lying," and "He's doing this for money," were heard, here and there, in the building.

As the campaign progressed, many unexpected things occurred. The mails brought letters of encouragement and letters of criticism, periodicals, tracts and all sorts of literature on both sides of the Catholic question. The telephone was busy from early morning until late at night—conveying information, advice, threats, neighborhood gossip, and offers of assistance. Business men neglected their offices and went in quest of local "thunder" for the speaker. Affidavits were secured and information of every description was furnished—much of which was not used, owing to the fact

that it was of such a character it could not be referred to in public. Some of the affidavits had to be ignored for the same reason. When the lecture on the "Auricular Confession" was delivered, there was a miniature confessional-box—about three feet wide and two feet high—on a table in the pulpit. It had been placed there by an ex-Catholic.

But nothing was more surprising than an opposition from Protestant sources. Protestants of the ultra-æsthetic type—including a few preachers—were reported to have referred to the meetings, and especially the speaker, in a way that was anything but complimentary. "Sensationalism," "a love of notoriety," and "a nine days' wonder," are samples of the terms and phrases that slipped from the tongues of Protestant critics and sped through the city. One man, well known in the city and at the head of a Protestant church, was reported to have prophesied that the antipapal lectures would ruin the Broad Street Church of Christ. The threats

and letters from Rome were amusing. But not so with the Protestant arrows—they left a sting.

But is such a campaign a "nine days' wonder"? Does it amount to anything, after all? And what is the effect upon the church that conducts it? These are relevant questions.

It has now been five weeks since the delivery of the last lecture. And in this short time an organization which prophesies a reconstruction of the political situation in Columbus has been effected. This organization is already large and strong, and the fact that it is rapidly enlisting business and professional men, and the most representative of the sturdy laboring classes, proves that it is not a growth of the mushroom kind. The campaign did not create the sentiment which evolved this movement. But its influence upon the city made the movement immediately possible upon an energetic and a widespread scale.

So far as the church is concerned, all are agreed that it is better known than ever before in its history. It has

already received new members as a direct result of the lectures, and the audiences show a marked improvement.

To all who are inclined to look for "spots on the sun," and to censure anything and everything another does, the foregoing will smack of the "braggadocio." Nevertheless, it is deliberately written for a purpose—that of stimulating ministers, into whose hands this book may fall, to conduct similar campaigns.

And to, at once, puncture the bubble which may begin floating on the minds of any who are ready, at the first opportunity, to hurl the accusation of "egotism," let it be said that the pastor of the Broad Street Church of Christ is not a logical target for such shots. He is practically a new man in the city. He had in no spectacular way come before the Columbus public, nor had he in any way ever gone "front" in the promotion of enterprises that usually make a preacher "known." To put it in a nutshell, he had never addressed a representative audience in the city, had never been in the limelight for a single moment.

had preached to small audiences only, and was not known outside his own neighborhood and not very well in that.

Hence the crowds were not drawn by the preacher, but by the subject. The results would have been the same had any other man of ordinary intelligence been at the speaker's end of the situation. A day-laborer, endowed with a little speaking ability and conversant with the theme, could have drawn and held the crowds.

Any preacher, anywhere, who announces a series of discourses upon Roman Catholicism, will discover that the people are eager for his messages. The public is in advance of the pulpit in the consideration of this subject, and it is therefore ready to hear whomsoever will expose it. To put it in another way, the entire country is ready for the message of light. Every community is a magazine, and any public speaker can strike the match that will ignite the powder. The writer now wonders that he did not attack Romanism years ago, and that all the preachers of the country

have not laid bare this medieval political system of the twentieth century. All the speaker needs is a knowledge of history and current events, the faculty of multiplying 2 by 2, and the ability to convey his thoughts to an audience. The people will do the rest. And any house, in which antipapal meetings are held, will be packed.

No thought of the lectures ever reaching the public in printed form was entertained until the people began asking for them—many, under the excitement of the moment, offering as much as one dollar for a typewritten copy of a single speech. Also, a man of means in Columbus offered to have the entire series printed in pamphlet form and distributed broadcast at his own expense. A local printer wished to publish the lectures as a business venture, and two publishing-houses, other than the Standard, solicited the manuscripts.

Had such interest been anticipated, the speeches would have been prepared with a view to their publication. But no previous preparation had been made.

Each speech was blocked out, in "head-notes," during the week prior to its delivery, and under circumstances that were aggravated by family illness and the stress of midwinter work in a widely scattered city church.

The lectures were stenographically reported, and the best that can be done is to send them forth in the garb of extemporaneous address. They are, therefore, sent on their way, not for the supercilious eye of the "high-flung" critic, but in obedience to a widespread demand upon the part of the common people who are ready to fight and are looking for weapons of warfare.

And if the book encourages others to plunge into "the fight that is on," and helps blaze the way for the most insistent reform of the present day, the author will count it a joy to receive whatever censure may be pronounced against him by the "propriety-bound."

GEO. P. RUTLEDGE.

CONTENTS

PAGE

I.

WHY PREACH AGAINST ROME?..... 15

II.

POPEDOM 30

III.

THE PRIESTHOOD..... 60

IV.

THE AURICULAR CONFESSION..... 87

V.

ROME'S BLOODY HANDS..... 117

VI.

ROMANISM AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS..... 151

VII.

THE REMEDY..... 192

I.

WHY PREACH AGAINST ROME?

(Rev. 17:3-6, 18.)

Please give special attention to the first statement I shall make, and bear it in mind throughout this series of lectures. I believe there have always been good people in the Roman Catholic Church, and that there are multitudes of good people in that church to-day—people who have lived, and are living, up to their light. And all such, from my viewpoint, are the Lord's children. I recall an old lady who was once a neighbor of ours. She was a devout Catholic. Nevertheless, hers was a life of sacrifice for others. And although we were Protestants and I a Protestant minister, when trouble assailed our home she was the most helpful of all our friends. Some years ago she passed into the great beyond, and I'm confident she went to heaven without having to

take in the sights of purgatory. [Laughter.]

But while I believe there are Christian Catholics, I further believe—and shall prove—that they are the most deplorably hoodwinked people on earth. [Applause.]

Therefore, I am not here to speak against Roman Catholics, but against Roman Catholicism—the widest spread, most arrogant, and diabolical system of evil that touches the lives of nations.

And now, for a few moments, I shall preface the succeeding lectures of the series—each of which will be carefully and accurately loaded with rifle-balls, scooped out of the red-hot molds of history, the testimony of reputable ex-Catholics, and information on the surface of current events throughout the world—information so patent that the man in greatest haste may read as he runs.

Next Sunday evening the subject will be "Popedom"—the most palpable fraud of human history. If you are acquainted with the history of Romanism, it will

not be difficult for you to anticipate the substance of this discourse. If you are not, you will go away utterly astounded at the fallacy of Papal infallibility.

The third lecture will be on "The Priesthood"—an eye-opener to all who have not familiarized themselves with the subject.

The fourth will deal with the "Auricular Confession"—an iniquity that, as I shall prove, ought to be prohibited by law.

Fifth, "Rome's Bloody Hands"—and I shall substantiate the circular announcement that no man-eating tiger ever thirsted for human blood as has the Roman Catholic Church.

Sixth, "Romanism and American Institutions." If you are at all informed as to Rome's present attitude and movements in our country, the subject itself should set your nerves a-tingle and enlist your patriotism in the great fight that is on.

And the last will be "The Protestantism of Our Day and Its Relations to Roman Catholicism," or "The Remedy."

Whether the text I read awhile ago be interpreted as a specific arraignment of the Catholic Church or given a more general interpretation, the striking similarity between the scarlet woman it describes and Romanism affords a recognizable picture of this iniquitous system.

There are people in every community, with more sentiment than information and foresight, who lift up hands of horror and exclaim: "Sh! Don't say anything against Roman Catholicism! We don't believe in preaching against other people's religion!"

Now, let us shake this namby-pamby proposition and see what falls out of it.

In the first place, Roman Catholicism is not a religion. It is to-day what it has been for more than thirteen centuries—a combination of Judaism and paganism with a little Christian sentiment mixed in. To be more exact, it is a gigantic political institution, and its ceremonies and benevolences are only screens that shield its hypocrisy from the public. It is the filthiest pit into which the world

has ever looked, the blackest and most nauseating veil ever wrapped about the heads of nations, the most dangerous foe humanity has. If hell has headquarters on earth, I'll prove to you, before these lectures are finished, that the devil's chief throne is in the city of Rome. [Applause.]

In the second place, while many wishy-washy Protestants are very gracious and tender toward Romanism, Romanism has no more use for Protestantism than a rattlesnake has for a stone on its head.

Now and then, a prominent priest, bishop, or cardinal administers Protestantism a soothing pellet in the form of a blessing upon the spirit of Christian union that is abroad in the world. But Protestantism and Romanism can no more unite than can powder and fire. [Applause.] A current illustration informs us that Romanism is a lion and Protestantism is a lamb. Romanism is perfectly willing for the lamb and the lion to lie down together. But Romanism wants the lamb to lie down in the

lion. [Laughter.] This, like all bald-headed, gray-whiskered illustrations [laughter], is out of date, and I would like to change it a little. Protestantism is no longer a lamb—it is a sheep, with a temper and horns. [Applause.]

Rome is exerting herself to prohibit the passage of anticatholic literature through the mails. At this very hour she is trying to get a bill through Congress that would, should it become law, shield her abominations from the keen public eye. And she is constantly endeavoring to silence public discussion concerning her institutions and her attitude toward the affairs of the world. In other words, she is pushed into a corner and crying "Persecution!" If it were not so serious, it would be laughable. The idea of this blood-stained, history-cursed church, with the reeking scalps of more than fifty million victims swinging from her girdle, appealing to public sympathy and saying, "Come and help me, I'm being persecuted!" is ridiculous in the extreme. [Applause.] Returning to the illustration, the lion has forgotten

that he can roar, and is whining like a cat. [Applause.] Why? The sheep is getting busy. [Applause.] And the sheep will continue the exercise of its prerogative until the lion, no longer able to crouch on the fence and mew, will be butted over out of the field and into purgatory. [Applause.]

Does Romanism preach against Protestantism? Be not deceived by a pretended friendliness for Protestantism upon the part of Romanism when, now and then, a priest or bishop condescends to sit on a popular platform with Protestants or indorses a limelight movement led by Protestants. Rome always has an ax to grind, nor does she hesitate to go out of her way and greet Protestants with a cordial smile when they are turning a good grindstone.

In Stephen Keenan's "Controversial Catechism," which is used in the Roman churches and taught in the parochial schools, it is stated, again and again, that no Protestant will be saved.

In Deharbe's "Catechism," and numerous other current Catholic works,

daily taught adults and children, the same position is dogmatically and offensively maintained.

In "Plain Talk about Protestantism of To-day," Segur says: "Protestantism is not a religion, but a rebellion, a cancer, and the arch-enemy of souls."

In Baddelley's book we read the soothing statement that "the Protestant church, instead of leading them to heaven, infallibly leads them to hell": while the infallible throne of Romanism, which, according to Catholic teaching, can neither err nor change, emphatically declares, through Pius IX., that "the apostolic Roman Church is the one Ark of Salvation; that he who has not entered it will perish in the deluge; and that the Catholic religion, with all its votes, ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship should be banished and interdicted."

Read any of the Catholic doctrinal books or periodicals, and you will discover that Romanism is constantly preaching against Protestantism in most unmistakable and insulting terms.

Throughout America, the Roman Church constantly and persistently teaches that no marriage is legal unless it is performed by a Catholic priest. To make it perfectly clear, while some of you are charitable enough to say, "Let the Catholic Church alone—it is doing good work," Romanism declares from the housetops that you married people are living in iniquity, and it brands your children with the hot iron of disgrace.

Ladies and gentlemen, from the beginning of the Reformation until now, Romanism has been what it always intends to be—the one open and aboveboard, avowed, never-sleeping, cursing, raving, hard-handed, no quarter-giving, insulting enemy of Protestantism. And if for no other reasons, our religion—baptized in the righteous blood of millions—and our marriage altar—the tenderest and fairest flower among our American institutions—should open wide the mouth of every non-Catholic in the country and direct his voice, long and loud, and like the clear tones of a trumpet, against the Vatican. [Applause.]

But there are other reasons!

Romanism is the greatest of all obstacles in the path of Foreign Missions. Jesus said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature." Every Protestant communion of any standing is represented on the foreign field, and, there, our missionaries are united—all are exalting Christ, and him only. But the Catholic Church is a menace to the foreign fields as well as the home lands. From every country comes the same black, heart-sickening report. In the Philippine Islands and all other fields, Romanism, while pretending to teach the Christian religion, is pushing its own selfish aims and hindering the gospel message.

In the Congo Free State, Belgium's fiendish king tortured and maimed and slew multitudes of heathen men and women and children for gain; and the Catholic missionaries did all they could to keep the lid down, that the world might not look upon the terror and hear the groans of a downtrodden people who were compelled to spend their days

in a living hell. And when the old, rum-soaked, licentious, avaricious, murderous king died, hopes were entertained and expressed for the repose of his soul. The repose of his soul! If I thought Leopold was in heaven, my ticket would be bought for the next station. [Applause.]

Also, as the fruit of Roman teaching in Africa, Stephen J. Corey, in his book, states that, during his recent tour of Africa, he and his party were thrice assailed in one single day by native Catholics.

But back to America. Romanism, which has never had a religious or moral conscience anywhere, has not the semblance of a political conscience in our country.

In the majority of the Southern cities, and a few Northern cities, the Pope is a Democrat, but elsewhere he is a Republican. Be it remembered that the Catholic Church is one system, of which the Pope is the universally recognized head. He is, therefore, a multiplex being, and every loyal Catholic in the world is the Pope in reality and

action. He is the heart of Romanism.

I've lived in two Democratic ring-ridden cities—Columbus and one other. [Applause.] And in each the Catholics are Democrats. I've lived in a Republican ring-ruled city, also, and there the Catholics are Republicans. In all these cities I've witnessed reform campaigns, but the reform tickets have not had the Catholic support.

When the political tricksters celebrate an election victory with a blowout, and make the night hideous with "Hail! Hail! The Gang's all here!" Rome always sings soprano. [Laughter.]

Go where you may, and you will find Romanism with its arms around rum, vice, and rotten politics. [Applause.]

Rome secures representation on temperance platforms. Yet her priests are intemperate, as I shall prove in the third lecture; some of her church papers carry liquor advertisements, and her sons keep saloons. The rum traffic will eventually go out of business. But before the sunlight of that glad day bursts in splendor upon all the mountains, hills, and plains

of America, Rome's political backbone will have to be broken. [Applause.]

To sum it up: Roman Catholicism should be preached against because it is a fraud religiously, and a vampire politically; because it is opposed to a free press, free speech, and especially the free school; because, as history and current events prove, it never elevates, but always degrades the countries and communities it dominates; because it is the open and eternal foe of the Bible in the hands of the people; because it is Satan's right hand on earth to-day, with which he blights the lives of men, women, and children by the million, and seeks to ultimately snatch the Sun of righteousness from His noonday throne and wrap this old world in utter and hopeless darkness. [Applause.]

But truth is marching on. Protestantism is awaking from its sleep. Preachers are beginning to raise their voices against this mighty evil. Lecturers are shooting at it from the platform. Independent papers, that enlighten and stir the public conscience, are sing-

ing like swift arrows as they speed across land and sea. And the printing-press is binding paper by the ton into books and pamphlets that, finding their way into unnumbered homes, are opening the eyes of the people and preparing them for the most strenuous conflict of history. The time is not far distant when every Protestant minister in America will have to preach against Romanism or lose his job. [Applause.]

I hear the distant rumble of thunder—it is the steady voice of God approaching. I see a flash of lightning against the sky-line—it is a gleam from the countenance of the oncoming, conquering King. The heavens will, erelong, be covered with a whirling blackness, the righteous indignation of a long-outraged and a thoroughly aroused public—it will be the wrath of the Almighty. Truth will flash, back and forth, like forked lightning, and, assembling itself into one mighty dart, it will descend from the swirling blackness, strike the "scarlet woman," and bury her so completely in the depths of purgatory that all the

prayers of priests, prelates, and popes ever uttered, written, or thought will never pry her out. And she shall be wrapped in a flame so great and fierce that, though all the holy water ever manufactured be dashed upon it, it will never be quenched. [Applause.]

II.

POPEDOM.

(2 Thess. 2:3, 4.)

Roman Catholicism is supposed, by its adherents, to rest upon two stones—apostolic succession and the infallibility of the pope. But I propose, this evening, to prove two things: (1) That the so-called apostolic succession is nothing but mud—and very thin mud at that; and (2) that the so-called Papal infallibility is nothing but slush—and very dirty slush at that. [Applause.]

Roman Catholicism teaches that the apostle Peter was the first pope, and that an unbroken line of succession can be traced from him down to the present incumbent. I'm a poor man, and need all the loose change I can get my hands on; but if any man—layman, priest, bishop, cardinal, or pope—will prove to the satisfaction of an unbiased jury that Peter was ever in Rome, I'll take a mil-

lion dollars out of my vest-pocket and hand it over to him. [Applause.]

There are Catholics here to-night—plenty of them—as there were last Sunday night. I wish, therefore, to reiterate a statement previously made. I am not here to speak against Roman Catholic people, but against Roman Catholicism—the system. I have never had any trouble with Catholics, not even in Steubenville.* [Laughter.]

There is not a Roman Catholic in the world against whom I have a personal grudge, and I wish all Catholics well. But I hate the system—Roman Catholicism—as much as Catholics think the devil hates holy water. [Applause.]

I wish also to say to you Catholic people, and through you to your friends, that you are welcome to these meetings; I wish more of you would come. I would rather deliver this and the two succeeding lectures to a house packed

*A local priest was reported to have said that the second lecture of the series might be delivered, but the third would not; and to have added that the Catholics had driven Rutledge out of Steubenville, and they would drive him out of Columbus. Just before announcing his text, Mr. Rutledge referred to the report, and explained that he had never been in Steubenville.

with Catholics than to the largest Protestant audience that could be assembled. However, I shall not take advantage of you. "Forewarned is forearmed." And I warn you that if your faith is brought here it will be in danger. If you are too prejudiced to look at these subjects impartially, or if, for any reason, you can not think, the arguments I shall present will be of no avail so far as you are concerned. But if you listen to this entire series of lectures, and can and will think in terms of Scripture, history, and logic, your eyes will be opened; and if you then stand by your convictions, you will, like Luther and thousands of other honest people, come out of Rome. However, you have not yet heard enough to be convinced, and I fancy you are saying to yourselves: "Mr. Rutledge, that million-dollar proposition of yours is a big bluff. If your pockets were turned inside out, it would be discovered that they do not contain a penny." [Laughter.] And your guess is correct. It so happens that I stand before you without one bill or coin in any of my pockets. But the dif-

ference between Rome's situation and that of your speaker drives home the proposition under discussion. I know where I can lay my hand on a little money when I need it, whereas the Catholic Church can not lay her hand on one iota of reputable evidence that Peter was ever in the Imperial City. If the pockets of the New Testament and history be turned inside out, it will be discovered that they do not contain one single coin of proof that he ever stood within its gates. [Applause.] Scaliger, Salmasius, Spanheim, Adam Clarke, and numerous other eminent writers, deny that Peter ever saw the city of Rome.

In the second place, James was the ruling elder or bishop of the original church—not in Rome, but Jerusalem. Paul was more prominent, as an apostle, than Peter. And John was the "disciple whom Jesus loved"; for some reason, he was nearer the Master than were his brethren. Therefore, why Peter, instead of James or Paul or John? Rome answers: "Did not Christ say to Peter, 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth

shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven'?" Yes. But it doesn't prove that Peter was to be the pope. For in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew it is recorded that Jesus addressed the same statement to all the disciples.

But Rome's chief proof-text is Matt. 16: 18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

Modern Roman Catholicism can say mass in Latin, but if it can translate and interpret Greek texts correctly, it doesn't do it. Every one who has a smattering of Greek knows that Jesus employed two words—*Petros* for Peter and *petra* for rock.

Romanism professes to be governed in its interpretation of Scripture "according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

Now, let us see how truthful (?) the Catholic Church is and how loyally (?) she subscribes to the writings of "the Fathers."

Augustine, the learned and celebrated Bishop of Hippo, whose name is

a household word among Catholics, handled Matt. 16: 18 as follows: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock which thou hast confessed . . . saying, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' I will build my church."

And Hilary, another Catholic saint, whose day on the calendar is January 13, wrote: "This one foundation is immovable; that is, that one blessed rock of faith, confessed by the mouth of Peter, 'Thou art the Son of the living God.' The building of the church is upon this rock of confession. This faith is the foundation of the church; this faith hath the keys of the kingdom of heaven; what this faith shall loose or bind is bound and loosed in heaven."

In the writings of these Fathers, Peter loses his identity. The Catholic Church of to-day should either interpret Matt. 16: 18 correctly, or pull St. Augustine and St. Hilary down from their high pedestals and consign them to purgatory for having misinterpreted it. [Applause.]

Permit me, just here, to digress a

little and make myself perfectly clear to the Catholic Church of Columbus. Various underhanded methods are being employed to prevent the progress of this course of lectures, the most diabolical being the veiled threat of the committee which sought to intimidate the officers of this church.

When I was a boy, I played and fought fair, and the rule of my boyhood days is and will always be the rule of my adult life. I shall continue these lectures no matter what steps the opposition may take. And, so far as public opinion is concerned, I propose, right now, to place the situation upon a higher plane than the one on which the priests and Knights of Columbus have pitched it. I, therefore, hereby challenge the priesthood of Columbus to meet me in public discussion [applause] in Memorial Hall, this church, a Catholic church, or any other place that may be designated. I'm prepared, whenever the challenge is accepted, to deny either or all of the following averments of Roman Catholicism:

That Peter was the first pope.

That apostolic succession can be sustained.

That the pope, when speaking *ex cathedra,* is infallible.

That the Roman Catholic Church is the church of Christ.

That the confessional of the Catholic Church should be permitted by law.

Catholic reporters, inform the priests to-morrow that my hat is in the ring, and tell them to either put up or shut up. [Applause.] I would rather meet a Catholic priest in debate before a Columbus audience than eat strawberries in January. [Applause.]

And now that the Columbus situation is adjusted, so far as this end is concerned, we will wander back into the past and see what we can find.

After disposing of Peter's case, the Roman Church proceeds to inform the world that Linus was the second pope.

In 1 Cor. 12: 28 we read: "God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers." Don't forget the order—the apostles are

first. It is admitted by both Protestants and Romanists that the apostle John lived a number of years after Peter's death. Yet Rome declares a fellow by the name of Linus was made pope while an apostle was living! If the Lord authorized Paul to write 1 Cor. 12:28, placing the apostles first in the church, then appointed Linus the second pope, John had a just grievance and could have bankrupted the whole business. [Applause.] Poor old John! Think of him bending the knee to Mr. Linus and imploring the forgiveness of his sins! Roman Catholicism teaches, and practices too, that when a Christian dies, a financial arrangement must be made by which his soul is to be gotten out of purgatory. There is no record of such a provision having been made for John, and we are left to conclude that the faithful old apostle—mysteriously forgotten—is still wondering when the pope will find time to present him with a transport to heaven! [Applause.]

And who was Linus? In 2 Tim. 4:21 the name, with some others, is

mentioned in a greeting, but nowhere else in the New Testament is reference made to it. And, so far as history is concerned, he is an obscure character—so obscure that we know scarcely anything about him except his name. His reign as Peter's successor, like practically everything on which Romanism rests its claims, is purely traditional. And to make the situation more ridiculous still, while the Catholic Church now proclaims Linus the second pope, the early Fathers were divided on the subject. Irenæus, Eusebius, Jerome, and Augustine say Linus was the second pope. But Tertullian, Rufinus, and Epiphanius declare that, when Peter died, Clement became the head of the church. Therefore, we must recognize a two-headed Papacy almost in the beginning!

But we will let this apostolic succession razzle-dazzle slide. Catholics can no more sustain it than they can weave a cord of wind or tie a knot in water.

As a matter of historic fact, there were no popes until early in the seventh century.

During the first six centuries the seat of church government was first in the local congregation, then in councils and bishoprics. In the fourth century Constantine conceived the idea of making the government of the church conform to that of the state. He was a man of action, and proceeded at once to load the clergy with wealth, honor, and dignity. It so happened that the clergy was composed of men who, like all other men, were very human. And, as was perfectly natural, their human propensities, like Pears' soap, floated on the surface; they were puffed up with pride and worldly ambitions, and fascinated by the smiles of temporary ease and pleasure.

A bishopric was permanently established in Rome, and whenever the office was vacant there was a wild, disgraceful scramble for the place. Sometimes the election of a bishop was accompanied by bloodshed and general terror.

Boniface III. was made bishop in 605. He was ambitious like his predecessors, and by far more foxy. He

applied to Phocas, Emperor of Constantinople, who had succeeded to the throne by assassinating his predecessor, and was one of the most immoral and fiendish tyrants the world has ever known. This profligate emperor, who had a secret grudge against the Bishop of Constantinople, proclaimed Boniface Universal Bishop and declared the church at Rome head over all other churches. If you wish to verify this statement, read Baronius and other Romish historians.

And so it turns out, according to history penned by Roman Catholics themselves, that "the man of sin . . . the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God"—predicted by Paul in our text—was revealed in the year 606 in the person of a political trickster and at the hands of a vile emperor, whose subjects, unable to endure his iniquities, beheaded him and dragged his body through the streets! This, ladies and gentlemen. was the

beginning of popedom in full-fledged, gaudy, intolerant, tyrannical glory. Catholics claim that the Lord named the first pope. History proves that the devil manufactured the monster. [Applause.]

It has been announced that, with the exception of the first, these lectures would be loaded with rifle-balls. The gun, to-night, is loaded with popes. And I shall now pull the trigger and shoot some of them out. But I would advise you to do some good dodging. For if one of these holy, infallible popes should happen to hit you, you would have to be fumigated. [Laughter.]

Boniface, the first legally plumed rooster of the Papal chicken-yard [laughter], began at once to crow in lordly fashion over the universal church; and from then until now Roman Catholicism has persistently maintained that the pope is the logical ruler of the world. And when we read the lives of the popes we can not help exclaiming at the marvelous credulity of people who associate holiness and apostolic succession and infallibility with the Papal throne.

Impartial history records and Catholic history admits that at times more than one man claimed to be the logical occupant of Peter's chair—affording the world, down to the end of time, the humor of a situation revealing two, and at one time three, popes, each with a tremendous following and claiming apostolic succession and infallibility!

Also, impartial history records and Catholic history admits that, notwithstanding Rome's strait-laced position regarding women, there was a time when two women governed the church. Marozia and Theodora—women so lewd that, were they in Columbus to-day, they would not be permitted to enter a respectable home—were the real popes. The recognized popes were their lovers, and they were the power behind the throne.

And there's another character to whom I shall call your attention. Romanism, in its Papal chronology, not knowing what else to do with her, records Joan as a fabulous pope. She is said to have worn man's raiment,

deceived her subjects, and occupied Peter's chair about two and a half years.

Mr. Donnelly, a reputable ex-priest, says: "There is little doubt but that Emperor Louis II. received the imperial crown from the hands of Joan."

"What!" I hear you Catholic people exclaim. "Are you dishing out the evidence of ex-priests!"

I beg your pardon. If Donnelly is an objectionable witness, we will dismiss him.

Mr. Donnelly will leave the witness-chair, and the clerk will strike out his evidence.

Now, I wonder what I'm to do. Let me think a moment. I have it!

Baronius! Baronius! Baronius! Come into court!

Ah! Mr. Baronius! I'm delighted to see you. Please be seated. There are some friends in the audience who will object to you, if they possibly can; hence I shall have to ask you a few questions.

Where and when were you born?

"I was born in Naples, Oct. 30, 1538."

What is your occupation?

"Historian."

Is your history universally accepted as authentic?

"It is."

Were you very closely associated with the Vatican and the Papal throne?

"I was."

Please tell us, in your own words, about your relations to the Vatican.

"I was first an ordinary priest, then father confessor to the pope, then cardinal, and finally Vatican librarian."

What! You were Vatican librarian?

"I was."

Then you had access to all the Papal records?

"They were placed in my hands for safekeeping."

Were you ever a candidate for the Papacy?

"Yes. In 1605 the cardinals of Rome made me their candidate."

Were you elected?

"No."

Why?

"I had previously taken a political

position that was antagonistic to the Spanish part of the church, and the cardinals from Spain secured my defeat."

Now, my Catholic friends, I have asked Cardinal Baronius these questions to convince you that he is a competent witness. He had charge of the Vatican library, was father confessor to the pope, came near being pope himself, and died in the Catholic faith. Listen to his evidence: "Thus, according to the most authentic and unexceptional testimony, it is demonstrated that Pope Joan existed in the ninth century; that a woman occupied the chair of Peter, was the vicar of Christ on earth, and proclaimed sovereign pontiff of Rome."

Do you demand another witness?

Du Pin! Du Pin! Du Pin! Come into court!

Take a seat, sir. Before hearing your testimony it will be necessary to prove your character.

Bishop Purcell! Bishop Purcell! Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Ohio! Come into court!

Bishop Purcell, please quote to your

Catholic brethren in this audience the testimony you volunteered concerning Du Pin in your celebrated debate with Alexander Campbell, held in Cincinnati in 1837.

"Du Pin was a learned man. I would even select him as a splendid illustration of strength imparted to the human intellect by the Catholic intellectual discipline."

Now, Mr. Du Pin. We will be glad to hear what you have to say about the woman Joan, who is said to have been pope.

"This pope, according to Platina's reckoning, which is accounted the truest, is John the Ninth, for John the Eighth, Pope Joan, of whom the Roman Church is so much ashamed that they leave her blotted out of the catalogue of their popes; for though they allow their popes too many women, yet they will not endure to hear of a woman to be pope."

This is not my testimony. It is the testimony of renowned Roman Catholics. And I would suggest to the Catholics of Columbus that they drive Bishop Purcell,

Cardinal Baronius, and Du Pin out of Steubenville. [Laughter.]

But, after all has been said, the woman, Joan, notwithstanding the fact that the manner of her death revealed the immoral life she had led, was, so far as intellect and outward deportment and justice were concerned, a credit to the Papacy of her day. But I wish to add a question: If Joan be regarded as a fabulous pope, what became of apostolic succession during her two and a half years' occupancy of Peter's chair? [Applause.]

It is hardly fair to your patience and sensibilities to drag this discussion through the filth of Papal history. But there's no other way. And it's next to the impossible to go down into a pit of slime and come out with garments that smell sweet. However, I promise that, to-night and throughout the series, I shall strive to be as clean as it is possible for a man to be while handling a dirty thing. [Applause.]

The wicked woman Marozia had Pope John X. cast into prison and put to death.

Then she had her own son, John XI. made pope. He was a weakling, and, throughout his pontificate, was subject to the baneful influences of his mother and brother.

John XII. became pope in 956, when only eighteen years of age. Although Christ's vicar on earth, who sat in Peter's chair to speak *ex cathedra,* as the voice of God, and forgive the people's sins, this youth was so wild that had he lived to-day in Columbus—lax as are our laws—he would have spent most of his time in jail. When King Otho heard that John was running with the dissipated young men of the city and sowing a good-sized crop of "wild oats," he remarked: "Oh, well, the pope is young yet, and he may grow better as he grows older." [Laughter.] The time came, however, when Otho had to show his hand; the Papal disgrace could no longer be endured by even an emperor in the tenth century. The pope was indicted on the charge of incest, perjury, blasphemy, and murder. But he jumped his bail and fled, taking with him the treasure of the

church. Leo VIII. was made pope in his stead. But Leo's reign was short, if not sweet. John organized his forces, returned to Rome, pulled Leo out of Peter's chair, and had himself made pope again; then continued his prodigal life on a still larger scale. His career ended very suddenly one day, when a married man is said to have returned home unexpectedly and killed the pope—and I don't blame him for having done it. [Applause.]

Benedict IX. was also made pope at the age of eighteen. He was even worse than John XII. And, losing patience with their pope, the citizens of Rome rose up in their righteous indignation and drove him from the city—not once, but twice. But, through the emperor, Conrad, he managed to return and continue his life of sin while forgiving other people's sins and getting them out of purgatory. And, finally, young-man-like, he decided to be a sure enough benedict and proposed marriage to his cousin. The fat was in the fire. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

The pope was a blasphemer and a lecher, and his people learned to endure his vile life. But when he let it be known that he thought of committing the unpardonable sin of matrimony, their patience snapped. His dream of a wife and a happy home threw the entire situation into confusion and resulted in a three-headed Papacy—Benedict IX., Sylvester III. and Gregory VI. all claiming to be pope at the same time. As Peter's chair was built for only one pope at a time, I'm surprised that the weight of three popes didn't squash it beyond repair. [Laughter.]

Pius II. led a vile life, and excused himself for doing so by saying David and Solomon had been guilty of the same.

Innocent VIII. married his own son in the palace, and presented the bridal couple with ten thousand ducats. And when his granddaughter was married, he had grown still more bold, and brazenly celebrated her marriage in the Vatican itself.

Alexander VI. decided that he would

like to sit in Peter's chair for awhile, and hit upon a plan that worked like a charm. He bought it and paid for it—cash down. He was bold enough to acknowledge the paternity of a son after he became pope, and likewise made his own daughter his private secretary.

Julius II. has accredited to him all the sins of his predecessors, and another —one that can not be mentioned in public.

Leo X. might be called the fasting pope. Poor fellow! it's a wonder he didn't starve to death. He spent only eight thousand ducats ($18,400) per month on his table! [Laughter.]

Stephen VII. was in a class all by himself. He was a high-tempered man, and one day decided to have some fun extraordinary. He had the body of his predecessor, Formosus, exhumed and tried for heresy. The dead pope was condemned, his fingers were cut off, and he was thrown into the Tiber. It was a big joke the live pope played on the dead pope. But, unfortunately, the dead pope didn't see the point. [Laughter.]

"But you are telling lies. You can't prove those things," some of you are saying—just as you were overheard to say, in several parts of the building, last Sunday night.

Do you think I'm bereft of my senses? I know that every word I utter is taken down stenographically, and faithfully reported to Roman headquarters. And I'm not idiotic enough to just start my mouth off and let it run wild. For every specific charge I shall prefer against Romanism, throughout this series of lectures, I have the evidence. And if you demand sources of information, I shall not hesitate to tell you that the things I've stated concerning these infamous popes are recorded in the histories written by Baronius, Du Pin, Alzog and Pastor—all Catholics who, as historians, had to sacrifice the reputation of their church upon the altar of accuracy. I could have gone outside, among the heathen, for evidence. But I preferred to keep it all in the family; hence I've given you Romanism's testimony against itself. [Applause.]

And what I've told you isn't a drop in the ocean. If you wade through Papal history, your discoveries will cause you to rub your eyes and think you are dreaming. You will find that John XIII. was strangled in prison; that Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII. and starved him to death; that the corpse of Boniface was dragged through the city; and that John XVI. was seized by an infuriated public, his eyes were put out, his nose was cut off, his tongue was torn from his mouth, and he was then tied to an ass—his head tailward—and forced to ride through the streets. Quite a gala day for an infallible pope! [Laughter.]

You will discover that a surprising number of popes have been guilty of all the crimes in the category. And, furthermore, you will discover that even Catholic historians discuss these profligate popes in terms that I would not dare employ before an audience, for the reason that certain things which can not be uttered in public discourse can be written in books.

In his debate with Mr. Campbell, Bishop Purcell admitted the indescribable vileness of many popes, and publicly said he would not be surprised if they were in hell. I would advise Columbus Catholics to dig up Bishop Purcell and drive him out of Steubenville. [Applause.]

If apostolic succession can be traced back through this filthy conglomeration of fiendish men and women, I can make huckleberry pie out of dead flies. [Laughter.]

And if it can be proven that the popes have been holy and infallible men, I can prove that a colored woman, dressed up in white, is a fly in a pitcher of buttermilk. [Laughter.]

The pope is no more infallible—*ex cathedra* or otherwise—and the vicar of Christ on earth than he's a poached egg on toast in Kalamazoo. [Laughter.]

The history of the Vatican, admitted by both Protestants and Catholics who have examined it, reeks with hypocrisy, drunkenness, immorality, blasphemy, murder, intrigue, and all grades of evil,

as does the history of no other institution known to man. And since so many who have occupied Peter's chair have been, according to reputable Roman historians themselves, devils incarnate, it is reasonable to suppose, in the language of Sheba's queen after she had looked upon Solomon's glory, that "the half has never been told." All the vile deeds of infamous men do not get into history. If the old Vatican could open its mouth and speak of the licentious banquets and secret conferences that have given birth to widespread outrage and all the decomposed fruit that has been shaken down from the evil tree within its walls, it could tell tales that would make the hair curl on a bald head. [Laughter.]

My Catholic friends, I know you think I'm the most wicked man in Columbus. Nor do I blame you. Were I in your places, I would think so too. Taught as you have been, the things I say are blasphemy in your ears. But I'll guarantee that, if you exercise the prerogative of free men and women and post yourselves, you will change your

minds. Doubtless you now think I ought to be driven out of Columbus. But if you will post yourselves by reading your own historians, you will verify every assertion I have made, and admit that I ought not to have been driven out of Steubenville. [Laughter.] If, instead of depending on what your priests tell you and the literature they recommend, you will read the history of your church, then read the New Testament, the doctrines of apostolic succession and Papal infallibility will snap before the winds of your reason like reeds in the path of a cyclone. I especially recommend Alzog's "Manual of Universal Church History" and Pastor's "Lives of the Popes." These are Catholic authors, and I know you will agree that when I ask you to consult them I'm proceeding on the square and in nowise trying to take advantage of you.

We live in an age of light—Bible light, historic light, scientific light. And it is the privilege of all to come out of the darkness of tradition, superstition and prejudice and dwell in the light.

Protestantism isn't yet what it ought to be, by a long shot. And in the seventh lecture of this series I shall apply the blade of truth to Protestantism and cause it to cut right and left. You Catholics are hereby invited to hear that lecture. "There'll be a hot time in the old town" that night! [Applause.] And if the Protestants take it into their heads to run me out of Columbus, I'll go back to Steubenville. [Laughter.]

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

The world is advancing. The light is kissing the hilltops, and the darkness is fleeing. The "man of sin" has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. The handwriting on the wall declares that the Vatican is doomed. Romanism has become top-heavy in the old countries; its traditions and superstitions and image-worship and opposition to general progress have failed to elevate the nations it has dominated. And, as I shall prove in the last lecture, it is

preparing to wage its greatest and last battle in America. Protestantism is now in a state of transition, out of which it will pass into union, eternal vigilance, determination and solidarity of effort, and our children will fight the battle royal! The light will conquer. Roman Catholicism will become a memory, and the doctrine of apostolic succession and Papal infallibility will be regarded as ancient theological freaks. And when truth prevails over error, Christ, the Heaven-ordained and only Head of the church, will step forth in all his regal splendor. Then the world will bring forth its royal diadem and crown him King of kings and Lord of lords! [Applause.]

III.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

(1 Tim. 4: 1-3; 2 Tim. 3: 1-9.)

I was told this morning that there has been some speculation as to the text I would announce to-night. Friends, I know you mean well, and I appreciate your solicitude. But you need not lose any sleep over my texts. There is no law compelling a man to "take a text" when he preaches, and I, for one, would not hesitate to preach without a text if it were necessary. But in the discussion of the subjects before us it is not necessary to go bounding along without texts. There are texts a-plenty. They are piled up in the corners, they are lying around loose on the floors, they are hanging on nails in the walls, they are suspended from the ceilings, they are everywhere in this [holding up the Bible] storehouse! And, if I can see straight, a number of the statements contained in

the passages I have just read strikingly introduce this evening's theme.

Paul was a great preacher, a true prophet, a profound thinker, and a man of wonderful piety. But if he had any personal ambitions, he certainly lacked discretion. Had he not blundered along and written this scathing forecast of an order of men—now historic—in the church, he, instead of Peter, might have been the first pope. [Laughter.]

You will recall the reported* pronunciamento, from headquarters, that the third lecture of this series would not be delivered. The past week—long and dreary, full of suspense, and like a hideous nightmare—now lies buried, beside its ancestors, in the graveyard of time. Peace to its ashes, and may its ghost never return to scratch on the wall. [Laughter.] The moment for the forbidden lecture to begin is now at hand.

*The report that the assistant priest at Broad Street Cathedral had made the prediction above referred to had spread throughout the city, and all kinds of rumors were afloat concerning Mr. Rutledge's prospective assassination. The report reached a town sixty miles away, and one hundred men of the town organized themselves to protect the meeting in which this lecture was delivered. But Mr. Rutledge declined their services.

And I wish to add that, if I don't pull off this little stunt, some mighty quick work will have to be done. [Prolonged applause.]

Last Sunday night, when referring to just a little of the spectacular corruption connected with the Papal chair, I subpœnaed Roman Catholic historians as witnesses. To-night and next Sunday night, while calling on the Roman Church for some of the testimony needed and likewise drawing on other sources of information, I shall present at least three ex-priests as witnesses, and ask you, as a jury, to decide upon the merits of their testimony.

Father Chiniquy, who spent fifty years in the Roman Church, then devoted the remainder of his life to a refutation of her doctrines. He will be a special witness in the next lecture.

Father Donnelly, who was a priest fifteen years—the last five years of his ministry having been in All Saints' Church, Mercer, Pa. Before an immense audience, composed of Catholics and Protestants, in the town where he had

lived and ministered and was universally respected, he renounced Roman Catholicism. He is, therefore, a reliable witness.

And when I mention the name of the third witness, I apprehend that those of you who are up to date in your reading will interrupt me by insisting that you have a right to make a noise with your hands. ["Crowley!" "Crowley!" was heard all over the house.] This man tried to reform the Catholic priesthood from within, and for a number of years he labored and hoped. He was a priest against whom his enemies could prefer no substantial charge, and he remained in the Roman priesthood until he was good and ready to quit it. He has a standing offer—published far and wide—of ten thousand dollars for any one who will prove that he was excommunicated, or that any of the charges published in his books are untrue. He is the Luther of America. He is the man most dreaded by the Catholic Church, because he knows the most about it, has the courage of his convictions, and enjoys the confidence of the American people. He

is a strong man physically, and will doubtless live many years yet. He is an intellectual giant, a facile writer, and a powerful orator. His name is Jeremiah J. Crowley. [Tremendous applause.]

I have previously said that I'm not speaking against Catholic people, but against Roman Catholicism—the system. And I shall probably refer to this distinction on future occasions. For there are people here for the first time each Sunday night, and I want all to know what I'm shooting at. While, in one way and another, some Catholics seem to be gunning for me, I'm not gunning for Catholics, but for Roman Catholicism. And, judging from the profound silence with which my challenge to the Columbus priesthood has been received, I believe I have the game treed and am, now and then, making a center-shot. [Applause.]

A Catholic of good standing in the city said to an officer of this church, "Tell that preacher to go ahead—he's telling the truth." [Applause.]

Also, last Sunday night, a gentleman

said to another officer of the church, "I'm a Catholic. But I'm done with the whole dirty business." [Applause.]

And now, briefly as possible, let us look at this system in its relation to the priesthood.

All ex-priests and others who have examined the subject testify that Roman Catholic theology deals with subjects every pure young man should shun and in language anything but chaste.

A few weeks ago a gentleman—a business man of high standing and an officer in a Protestant church—told some other men and myself in yonder vestibule that he was partially educated for the Catholic priesthood; that the further he got into the course all young priests must take, the more disgusting it became, and that finally he had to hold his nose and quit. [Applause.]

Donnelly, in his "Fifteen Years Behind the Curtains," says: "The whole moral code of Rome is so vile and sensual that it can not bear an English translation—it has to be concealed away in Latin." And he adds: "Any bookstore

that would venture to sell a literal translation of the moral theology of Gury or Scavani, both of which are standard class-books in Roman Catholic seminaries for the young levites of the Romish priesthood, would be prosecuted for selling obscene literature."

And as an early result of this immoral training, Crowley states, on page 410 of his book, "Romanism a Menace to the Nation," that in American Catholic seminaries young priests form associations in which membership depends upon the applicant's ability to tell ribald stories.

Add to this seminary training the further facts that priests must wear the cloak of celibacy, and that the Catholic Church forgives sins on easy terms. Then add two other facts: (1) Priests are good livers (and high living does not diminish human propensities), and (2) no class of men on earth are kept in such constant touch with temptation as priests. And when you have finished all this adding, crown your pyramid of facts with still another, the greatest and

most serious of all—the priest is a man. He may wear his vest upside down [laughter] and his collar back side front [laughter], and read his book on the street-car and be called "Holy father"; but the fact remains, he's a man. [Applause.]

Now, we have linked with the Catholic priesthood the law of cause and effect. Let's see how it works.

The pope is a man. We have already seen how easy it is for him, staggering under the weight of this iniquitous system, to tumble down the back stairway. Bishop Purcell acknowledged that some of the popes were in hell. The parish priest is far removed, in rank, from the chair of infallibility. He's so far away the pope would have to look at him through a telescope. Therefore, why should any one expect him to carry the burden and not wabble? [Applause.]

Catholic historians, themselves, paint the priesthood of past centuries as black as they do the Papacy—and that's saying a good deal. Scan the pages of history, and you will wonder that God did

not strike the church with the lightning of his displeasure and blot it out of existence.

Pope Paul IV. decided to clean house. He issued an edict that every woman who had just cause to prefer charges against a priest should do so or suffer the humiliation of Papal censure. Rome was stirred from center to circumference. The charges were not wanting. It took ten clerks, who worked daily—except on holy days—four months to record the names of offending priests and the charges preferred, and still the task was not finished. The poor pope saw that he would have scarcely any priests left. And, deciding that it was the wrong time of year to clean house, he dropped his broom and took to the woods. [Laughter.]

The Council of Cologne declared that the greatest evil of the sixteenth century was the impurity of the clergy.

Bellarmine, a Roman Catholic authority I now introduce for the first time, wrote: "In the one true church, the holy Roman Catholic Church, are great sin-

ners, and that not only concealed, but manifest. The immoralities of the Roman Catholic priesthood have, time and again, been condemned by councils of the church, but to no purpose."

As we pursue history, we discover that the mighty river of priestly vice, which had its origin back in the centuries of this degrading system, gets wider as it flows on. And why should we seek pure water in a stream whose fountain-head is polluted?

And why linger back in an age that is gone? The system is the same—it is the proud boast of Romanism that it never changes. The priests are men, just as they were in the sixteenth century, and human nature is the same. The law of cause and effect is unchanged. From what viewpoint, therefore, can it be argued that the river of priestly iniquity has dried up and that where it once rolled in unterrified gaiety, there now blooms a golden streak of fragrant daisies? [Laughter.]

Missionaries and tourists all tell the same story—informing us that on the

mission fields, and especially in Catholic-ridden countries, it is an open secret that priests are intemperate and immoral men.

After returning from his Southern tour, Robert E. Speer wrote: "Whatever may be the case in other lands, evidence, legally convincing and morally sickening, confronting one in every district, proves that in South America the stream of the church is polluted at its fountains."

"But that's down on the other side of the big ditch. Come back home, and tell us of the situation here," I fancy you are saying. All right. We will walk about in the United States awhile. The trail's getting hot now, and the hunt's interesting. [Applause.]

One night, after twelve o'clock, during my younger years, I happened to be in the Turkish bath department of a Catholic hospital, when I personally saw a half-dozen priests drink until they were intoxicated, and heard them compare experiences and tell stories that would have caused "Holy Terror Jim" and "Pizen Pete" of the ranch, fifty years

ago, to have acknowledged that they had lost the art of vulgarity.

During my first pastorate, in a western New York town, I was spending the day at the home of a member of the church who lived in the country. Just after dinner the little son of the hired man fell from a load of hay, was pierced by a pitchfork, and bled to death before medical assistance could be procured. The father, a Catholic, became hysterical, and begged that some one should immediately carry the sad message to the priest. I had met the priest—an elderly man—and, telling the heartbroken father I knew his pastor, I volunteered to go. At the door I was informed that the "holy father" was very ill and could not be seen. But, hearing his voice within and concluding that he was not at death's door, I pushed past the housekeeper and entered. The sick man was hanging on a chair, like a rag, beside a table which contained a bottle, glass tumbler, and all the fixings. [Laughter.] I tried to deliver my message, but he could not comprehend it. He poured a liberal drink,

pushed it across the table, and insisted that I should take it. But he had been slobbering in that same tumbler, and I declined. [Laughter.]

About four years ago my family and I summered in a small Pennsylvania town. We repeatedly heard references to the sterling qualities of the former priest. But the townspeople did not hesitate to say that the priest then at the head of the parish was a drunkard and a rounder.

Go where you may, and you will hear gossip about the Catholic priesthood. And it is said that "where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire."

I do not say all priests are bad; I do not believe they are. But I do say the system is degrading to the priesthood, and that the priest who withstands the temptations with which the system constantly surrounds him is a man of iron nerve and a will like Gibraltar. [Applause.] Donnelly asserts that fully eighty per cent of the Catholic clergy are intemperate men. If this be correct, the remaining twenty per cent keep

straight despite the millstone the system hangs about their necks.

And now I would suggest that our friends—the Catholic reporters—sharpen their pencils. For, instead of dealing in remote history, community gossip, and personal reminiscences, I shall give them some items of a more specific nature to jot down and deliver at headquarters tomorrow. [Applause.]

William Lloyd Clark, of Milan, Ill., has published a booklet, entitled "Crimes of Priests," in which he designates more than 130 cases—giving names, dates, places, and crimes. The priests he names are nearly all located in the United States, twelve are located in Ohio, and the name of one is associated with our own city.

He even includes in this black list the name of Cardinal Gibbons, specifying that this distinguished prelate was sued in court for taking financial advantage of a dying woman. Fifty-six are accused of the crime the system is most likely to develop; twelve are charged with the crime for which negroes are lynched in

the South; eighteen are said to have gotten money in irregular ways; one is placed under the ban of an unmentionable sin; some are branded murderers; others are put in the outlaw class of illicit distillers and unauthorized liquor-venders; nearly all are pronounced drunkards; and one—Father Andrew, of Canary, N. Y.—is declared to have stolen a horse. [Laughter.] My Catholic friends, I do not prefer these charges. I've never met either Mr. Clark or any of the priests, bishops, or cardinals he accuses. Nor do I know whether or not any of the men in this list have been guilty. But I do know one thing: If Mr. Clark, or any other man, ever charges me with one single crime mentioned in this book, he'll stand a lawsuit. I'll clear my good name if it takes until the day of judgment. And if I fail to get redress in the courts, either my accuser or I will go to the hospital for repairs. [Applause.] Some of the priests and bishops Clark accuses of crime are dead. But others are living. Why, I ask, is Clark permitted to go

where he pleases—emphasizing these charges from the platform? And why is he permitted to send this book through the mails to every city, town, and hamlet in the country, if it contains nothing but vile slander?

Crowley is another man, running loose, who, if, in his books and lectures, he prefers false charges, could and ought to be sent to the penitentiary.

In one chapter of "Romanism a Menace to the Nation," he specifies twenty-eight cases, declaring that he has the evidence to sustain them up his sleeve whenever Rome is ready to clean house.

He minutely describes his efforts to reform the priesthood in and about Chicago, and gives the names and addresses of fourteen priests who were associated with him in that memorable campaign. He informs the public that he, together with these priests (all of whom could be subpœnaed as witnesses), presented the names of offending priests, the charges preferred against them, and the evidence in hand, to the Bishop of Chicago, who ignored the entire situation,

his only comment being that while the Chicago priesthood was bad, the New York priesthood was worse! He further states that the names, charges, and evidence were registered to Leo XIII. But the Pope was out of stamps and made no reply. [Applause.] He then adds that after Leo's death and the election, the document of names and charges and evidence was registered to Pius X. But, until the present moment, the new pope has been too busy to give that little American matter any attention! [Applause.] But this is not all. He avers that a Catholic Laymen's Association was formed to protect their women from the Chicago priesthood, and that the appeals of this association were turned down cold. He tells us that on June 15, 1903, a prominent Catholic woman of Chicago—representing an effort upon the part of Catholic women in that city to protect themselves—secured an audience with the bishop; that the bishop admitted his personal knowledge of seven bad priests in his diocese; and that she said to him: "You have been bishop only

three months and have discovered seven; when you shall have been bishop six months, you will have discovered seventy-seven!" And he continues his astounding revelation by declaring that Peter J. Muldoon, one of the black-listed priests, was an almost successful candidate for bishop while under the fire of these charges.

On page 413 of his book are the pictures of a priest and the church of which he was rector. He calls this man by name, declares that he established a married woman in a home of his own, that he robbed his own church treasury by forging his bishop's name, and that he is now teaching in a Catholic college (the name and location given) and editing a Catholic paper (the name and post-office named).

And on page 72 of this book is a picture of a palatial home he affirms was ruined by the Catholic priesthood. And Crowley offers ten thousand dollars reward for proof that any of his charges are false!

The Catholic press offers the apology

that Crowley is not worth ten thousand dollars, hence it would be folly to sue him for slander.

I have no knowledge of Mr. Crowley's finances; for aught I know, he may be insolvent. However, he enjoys his liberty. I have no way of knowing whether his charges are true or false. But I do know that when the picture of a wealthy Chicago home is printed under a man's name, and he charges that the Catholic priesthood of a named diocese accomplished its ruin, the courts would recognize the camera as a witness and that the author of the charge—if it be false—would learn a trade behind stone walls. [Applause.] And I know that when a man specifies serious charges in a book—giving names, dates of alleged crimes, and the present whereabouts of the persons accused—he has the evidence or he's an idiot of the smallest caliber. [Applause.] I've never met Mr. Crowley. But I'm informed that his hat-band measures more than five and a quarter. [Applause.]

Why is Crowley as free as a bird?

Why does he keep his ten thousand dollars? Why are he and Clark, and dozens of others, all free? Why are their books advertised, sold, and sent through the mails unmolested? Why is the Roman Church as silent as the Sphinx? There must be a reason. [Applause.]

But why condemn the Catholic priesthood when every crime charged against it can be charged against the Protestant ministry? I know this question is in some of your minds, and it's pertinent. I'll answer it.

When a Protestant preacher goes wrong, it's good-by Protestant preacher! Every one knows that it's difficult for a Protestant minister to hold his job when he isn't bad. If an opinionated, short-sighted man or a dyspeptic, long-nosed woman decides to sneeze at a Protestant preacher, he has to call his dog and beat it. [Laughter.] I don't mean he beats his dog—he beats the road to the next town. [Laughter.] Protestant ministers must walk straight. I know, for I've had experience. [Laughter.] I mean experience in walk-

ing straight. [Laughter.] But when a Catholic priest can no longer be tolerated by his church or community, he's transferred, the ex-priests and others who are informed tell us, to another charge. And this is the extent of his punishment. Crowley names living priests, prefers the most serious charges against them, and declares that their bishops punished them by administering the "transfer treatment."

Those of you who are disposed to criticize me adversely, have discovered that I prove my propositions. Hence, the euphonious word "liar" is no longer heard in the audience. [Applause.] But you have to talk and you have framed up another charge. Last Sunday night several of you were overheard to say: "He's doing all this for money!" You are mistaken. I'm not a Catholic priest! [Laughter.]

I'll tell you why I'm delivering these lectures. For years, I've felt that no preacher does his whole duty when he preaches against hypocrisy, drink, gambling, bad politics, heathenism, Mormon-

ism, Christian Science, and other religious cults, and the devil in general, and hesitates to open his mouth against Roman Catholicism—the most universal, high-browed, treacherous, intriguing, political wire-pulling, dangerous power of the Christian era. [Applause.]

But, like many another preacher, I shrank from the ordeal. Finally I looked in the mirror and said: "You old hypocrite! You tell other people to do their duty, but you are not doing yours. Now, old fellow, you must get on the job at once and make up for lost time!" [Applause.]

But when one begins the performance of duty, he finds it pleasant. I can testify that preaching against Romanism is like taking a surf-bath; after the first plunge, it's exhilarating! [Applause.] And to all my brother ministers, I would like to say: "Come in. The water's fine!" [Applause.]

But I counted the cost before plunging. I know I'll be a marked man the remainder of my days. If I ever run for President, every Catholic in the

country will vote against me. [Laughter.] But duty is right. And "I would rather be right than be President." [Applause.]

However, since some of you have been generous enough to accuse me of "salting down" the coin, I'll refer to another feature of the Catholic system which I would otherwise have overlooked.

Doubtless, both Catholics and Protestants frequently wonder where priests get money with which to live so well, pull off carousals on the side, and leave large estates—as many of them do.

Crowley affirms that priests, as a rule, are grafters. He specifies that the priest takes his toll from all offerings, a partial list of which I shall hastily name: "Holy Orders," "Anniversary," "Baptismal," "Penance," "First Communion," "Confirmation," "Extreme Unction," "Funeral," "Purgatorial," "Consecration," "Mass," "The Paulist Fathers," "The Poor Box," "St. Anthony," "Relic," "Easter and Christmas," "Indulgence," "Mission," "Undertaking," "Employment," etc.

In other words, according to his testimony, while the Sisters are asking alms for Catholic charitable institutions and unthinking Protestants say, "The Catholic Church does much good and is to be commended for its self-sacrifice," the priests are living on the fat of the land, many of them spending more money in a single night than some of their loyal parishioners make in a week. And, still, they accumulate money!

Crowley charges—and offers any one ten thousand dollars to prove it false—that the average priest in the smaller cities has an income of not less than ten thousand dollars per year, and that the average priest in the great city parish enjoys an annual income of at least one hundred thousand dollars. If I were in the money-making business, I would rather be the priest of a large city parish than President of the United States!

The average Protestant minister receives a small salary. Were I a woman, nothing in the whole wide world could induce me to marry a Protestant preacher—except the preacher himself.

[Laughter.] But if I were a woman and wanted the luxury of money, and Catholic priests could have wives, I would select a good-looking one and marry him in spite of all he could do. [Laughter.]

Catholic friends, don't be deceived into thinking that Protestant ministers are getting rich; they are not. Look to your own priests; they are counting the cash. [Applause.] If the average priest is not making more money than the average business man in his parish, prove that he isn't, then get Crowley's ten thousand dollars and lend me ten of it. [Laughter.]

If Catholic priests, as a rule, are not "covetous," "incontinent," "traitors," and "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and if they do not "creep into houses and lead captive silly women," they are the biggest fools on earth. For, everywhere, men of financial standing prefer these charges against them—both in a general and a specific way—from the platform and in books, pamphlets, and periodicals. The Catholic Church has money, political pull, and judicial influ-

ence, and if these charges are false, she could put stripes on Crowley, Clark, the editor of the *Menace, et al.* And she could do more. She could prefer and sustain charges against the Postmaster-General for permitting these accusations against her priests to speed through the mails from ocean to ocean and Lakes to Gulf 365 days a year. And she could hold the "big stick" over the President and his Cabinet, and make them go to St. Patrick's on Thanksgiving Day, and kiss the Pope's toe till the crack of doom. [Applause.] Catholic priests have every advantage to defend themselves. And if they are innocent of the charges, so universally preferred against them, it's my opinion that they haven't sense enough to come in out of the rain, and ought to be locked up for their own protection. [Laughter.]

I close with an emphasis upon a statement in the ninth verse of the second text I read: "Their folly shall be manifest unto all men." Nor will that manifestation be deferred until the last great day. We are living in an X-ray age—an

age which declines to be blinded, an age which pries into everything, and insists upon peering into the very lives and hearts of people. "There is nothing concealed that shall not be revealed." History and current comment point the finger of suspicion at the Roman Catholic priesthood. That priesthood is on the defensive. And, within the next few years, it will be compelled to do one of two things: prove itself innocent, or get down on its knees in the confessional of public opinion and acknowledge its guilt. [Applause.]

IV.

THE AURICULAR CONFESSION.

(1 John 1:9.)

Every system that accomplishes anything must have a mainspring, or, to put it in another way, a central or chief source of power. And during the last seven centuries Roman Catholicism has depended very largely upon the auricular confession.

The auricular confession is the disclosure by word of mouth of sins upon the part of a penitent into the *auris,* or ear, of a priest. Hence the curtained recess in every Catholic church called the "confessional-box."

To-night I shall submit and confine my remarks to three propositions, and if I fail to prove them, I'll "eat 'em alive." [Laughter.]

1. That it took the devil twelve hundred years to make that little box.

2. That it paid him to make it. For

of all the boxes in the world in which he has an investment, the confessional-box has yielded, and still yields him, the largest return.

3. That God is the only logical and Scriptural confessor to whom penitents should go. [Applause.]

There is not a hint of the auricular confession in the Old Testament. Doubtless the devil would have been highly pleased to have had a confessional-box in Solomon's Temple. But, evidently, he never found an opportunity to sneak into that splendid edifice, with a bundle of planks under his arm, and pen off a little corner for his own amusement. [Laughter.]

Nor is there a trace of the confessional-box in the New Testament. We read about churches in Jerusalem, Rome, Corinth, and other places; we read about elders or bishops, and preachers, and the people composing the congregations; and we read about meetings that were held, missionary journeys that were made, church tribunals that were called, persecutions that were endured, and other

features of early church life; but we never read of the confessional or priestly absolution.

Hence the history of Roman Catholicism itself must introduce the auricular confession.

The Council of Trent declared: "Whoever shall say that the mode of secretly confessing to a priest alone, which the Catholic Church has always observed and still observes, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ and is a human invention, let him be accursed."

Well, I presume I'm about to be accursed. For I shall now say that the confessional is not only "foreign to the institution and command of Christ," and therefore a human institution, but that the Catholic Church worried along a number of centuries without it. [Applause.]

It's one thing to make an assertion, but quite another to prove it. The Catholic Church asserts that the auricular confession has always been associated with her polity. But there's not a

Roman Catholic in the world—from the richly adorned pope down to the little, petticoated parish priest—who can prove it. [Applause.]

Had the confessional-box, which is to-day the very heart-throb of Romanism, been connected with church life in the early centuries, the primitive Fathers, on whom both Catholics and Protestants must depend for early church history, would undoubtedly have made some reference to it. I could name the men who would have written about the confessional, had it existed in their day, and the works in which such references would have been made. But life is too short to walk a mile when the distance can be covered with a jump. [Laughter.] I shall, therefore, resort to a method that is by far the easier and just as sure. As the million dollars I offered a couple of weeks ago, to the man who would prove that Peter was ever in Rome, has not yet been called for, I'll give it to the layman, priest, bishop, cardinal, or pope who will produce one sentence from the Fathers in proof of the Catholic proposi-

tion that the confessional existed in their day. [Applause.]

In the meantime, while waiting for some one to produce the sentence, I'll refer you to a book, entitled "Confessions," by Augustine, the greatest of the Latin Fathers. Had the confessional existed in his day, one would think that in this work he would have made at least a reference to it. But he did not. Instead, he wrote many things which prove that he taught and practiced the very reverse of this blasphemous doctrine now taught and practiced by the Catholic Church. And here's one of his terse statements: "I shall confess my sins to God, and he will pardon all my iniquities."

In this particular, at least, Augustine was orthodox, if we measure him by the New Testament. But if measured by Roman Catholic standards, instead of being "sainted" he ought to be "accursed," dumped back into purgatory where he belongs, and chained to an iron post in the hottest corner. [Applause.]

Innocent III., proclaimed by Catholics

as a holy man and one of the great popes, at whose hands, as any reputable encyclopædia will inform you, the bloody crusade against the Albigenses was organized; the pope who dispatched an army of priests throughout all Europe to stir up sentiment against heretics; the pope who so thirsted for universal dominion that he hesitated not to bathe his hands, *ex officio,* in the innocent blood of multitudes—this power-loving, cruel, red-handed monster of hellish deeds (than which history records none that was more diabolical) was the originator of the auricular confession. He was the sovereign dictator of and inspired all that was accomplished in the fourth Council of Lateran, which, by its twenty-first canon, authorized the auricular confession. If any man will produce history to prove that prior to the year 1215 there was an authorized confessional-box in any Catholic church, I'll reduce my estate by another million and deposit it in his bank. [Laughter.] You need entertain no fears concerning my financial future or the present condition of my purse

—the millions I'm offering will never be called for. [Applause.]

This historic council, governed by Innocent III., which decreed the extermination of heretics, the blasphemous doctrine of transubstantiation and the iniquitous confessional, stands out against the sky-line of past events brazen as the sun in its abominable heresies, arrayed in garments that smell of vengeance across the centuries, and painted red with human blood. This assembly pulled the very heart out of hell and established it in the breast of the church. The benediction on that council should have been:

"Praise the devil,
From whom all iniquities flow!"

[Applause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I insist that I have proven the first proposition—that after a persistent effort, twelve centuries long, by which he gradually reduced the church to a state of degradation which made it like putty in his hands, the devil himself, using the fourth Council of Lateran for a hammer, nailed together

and set up that little confessional-box in yonder cathedral [pointing toward St. Joseph's Cathedral on East Broad Street]. [Applause.]

And now, that I may prove the second proposition (that it paid the devil to make this box), I shall ask you to look while I show you a few of the assets he has gotten, and is still getting, out of it.

Children sometimes play with a little box which, when a spring is touched, flies open, and all kinds of hideous things jump up. I'm now ready to begin touching a spring in the confessional-box, and, for awhile, some of the most frightful imps of history and the present day will jump up and try to stare you out of countenance. Nor will they be hobgoblins; they will be terrible realities. But don't be alarmed. I have them securely chained, and I'll not let them bite you. [Laughter.]

The first little imp that jumps up is the historic indulgence, and when we look at it awhile, it assumes considerable proportions.

Pope Urban, in the eleventh century, delivered an oration which hypnotized the people, causing them to shout, "It is the will of God!" and inaugurated the holy Crusades. The pope then absolved the people of their sins and sent them forth to fight. As the war progressed, indulgences were freely granted men who entered the conflict in person or hired others to go, and finally to all who made contributions to the war treasury.

But it remained for Innocent III. to make the indulgence a potent factor in the schemes of Roman Catholicism. Under his administration, people were given indulgences for murdering heretics. The confessional-box which he established at once became the instrument which made the indulgence a valuable asset, and from that day to this the confessional-box and the indulgence have been too closely united to be even mentally divorced.

The time came when it was discovered that the indulgences were as valuable to the church in times of peace as in war. And they were offered to all

who would buy. During the construction of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, the pope exchanged indulgences for contributions to the building treasury. And various other Catholic enterprises have been carried on largely by means of revenue derived from the sale of indulgences.

It was the wicked practice of selling indulgences that stirred Luther and made the Reformation a reality.

And indulgences are sold to-day for the support of confraternities and other church policies. I, myself, heard a priest, while making announcements prior to his sermon, urge the people to buy holy water, holy candles, scapulars, and indulgences.

But what is an indulgence?

An indulgence is a money-making device which enriches the church by deceiving the people regarding both life and death.

If you have a friend or relative in purgatory and buy an indulgence for him, it will shorten his residence in that warm climate [laughter], and likewise

reduce his perspiration and make him more comfortable during the period of his enforced visit to the place whence proceeds the equator. [Laughter.]

Father Chiniquy relates that when his father died, he left an estate, consisting of a widow, three small children, some debts, and a cow. The cow was the only means of support for the family. The priest demanded money to lessen the deceased man's residence in purgatory. But he was informed that there was no money. He then offered to adjust that little purgatory matter for the cow. [Laughter.] Mrs. Chiniquy loved her husband enough to let the priest drive away the cow, and the priest loved the cow enough to drive her away. [Laughter.]

In the "Book of the Scapular," familiar to all Catholics, Mary says to the faithful who wear the scapular during life: "I, their glorious mother, on the Saturday after their death, will descend to purgatory and deliver those whom I shall find there, and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life."

I've always had a high regard for Mary. But, if the "Book of the Scapular" is her mouthpiece, I'm convinced that she doesn't play fair. And I think I can convince you of her partiality in about two minutes.

Let us suppose that you and I each go to the expense and trouble of wearing a scapular all our lives. I die, with mine on, a minute after twelve o'clock Sunday morning. According to Mary's contract with me, I'll have to stay in purgatory a whole week! In that time I would be roasted. [Laughter.] But you die, with your scapular on, a minute before twelve Friday night. You have only a minute to stay in purgatory! You would scarcely be singed. [Laughter.] You would not be there long enough to say "Good morning" to the devil [laughter], much less to look around the place and renew old friendships. [Laughter.]

If I were a Catholic and wore a scapular, I would arrange with my doctor to delay giving me the fatal dose until a minute before twelve Friday night. [Laughter.]

But the indulgence is a pliable instrument and respects this life also.

According to human reasoning, death is always in the distant future and purgatory is still a station beyond. [Laughter.]

A man who had stolen a woman's sheep was acquitted by the court. The woman said to him: "This abominable court has cleared you. But wait till the day of judgment. Then you'll have to pay for that sheep." Whereupon the man answered: "Madam, if you credit me that long, I'll steal another." [Laughter.]

Indulgences guarantee their purchasers absolution in this life. In other words, an indulgence is a license to sin. If you buy an indulgence for sixty or ninety days, your confession is taken for granted, and you have the right to sin during the time specified, just as the saloon-keeper pays for his license and can sell liquors for a year.

An indulgence is a kind of fire-insurance policy, and the Vatican is the company that issues it. And, judging from

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the lives of the popes as described by Pastor, a celebrated Roman Catholic, some of those infallible bachelors must have been pretty heavily insured. [Laughter.]

The second imp which jumps up out of the confessional-box has a very long, sharp nose; I would call it "Prying into Other People's Business."

All ex-priests tell us (and ex-Catholics right here in Columbus—people of good standing in the community and their churches—have told me the same thing) that the confessional is employed as a medium of information concerning the home and general private life. It means that no Catholic family enjoys immunity from the priest's knowledge of its affairs, if, for any reason, he may wish the information. It also means that, if you are a Protestant and your wife and children are Catholics, what the priest doesn't know about your business, your politics, your religion, and your private life could be put in one corner of a gnat's eye. [Laughter.]

Furthermore, it is averred that the homes of Protestants in which there are

Catholic domestics are kept under constant surveillance through the confessional, if the family is prominent or there are any other reasons for information.

The next imp is quick and wiry. He turns his head, first one side, then the other; his eyes glance at you, then turn away; he smiles, and tries to look innocent and true. For the lack of a more euphonious name, we will call him a liar. [Laughter.]

Do you suppose every one who goes to confessional divulges every secret of the life? I don't. Catholics are human, and it is not human nature to open wide the heart to other human creatures. There are times when even Catholics would rather skate around on the ice-ponds of perdition [laughter] than reveal certain thoughts and deeds. Ex-Catholics—especially women—affirm that the priests ask questions which cause the cold sweat to stand out in beads on the penitent's brow.

Chiniquy left the following testimony: "I do here publicly challenge the whole Roman Catholic priesthood to deny

that the greater part of their female penitents remain a certain period of time under the most distressing state of mind. I have heard from the lips of dying girls, as well as married women, the awful words: 'I am forever lost! All my past confessions have been so many lies. I have never dared to answer correctly the questions of my confessors. Shame has sealed my lips and damned my soul.' "

I shall now introduce the big imp—one that is horrible to behold. He has hoofs and horns and tusks, a vicious countenance, and eyes that hypnotize; his arms are muscular and cruel; his breath is as the fumes of a crematory; his raiment is midnight blackness; his name is hell.

It is generally understood that Catholic men, as a rule, do not give as much attention to the confessional as do the women. And to this observation all ex-priests bear testimony.

The man, especially if he has means, can evade the confessional-box to a considerable extent or altogether, and at the

end of life arrange with the priest to look after his purgatorial interests. Or, if he happens to drop through the trap-door without having made the necessary arrangement, his administrators can make it for him.

And money talks in the Catholic Church. The sound of its voice delights the devil in this world, and its clink is music to his imps in the lower regions. But, as in this world, its power is commensurate only with its bulk in the next.

To put it in figures of speech. If a man has only a little money, about all the comfort he can hope for in purgatory is a pair of sheet-iron slippers to partially shield his feet from the excessive heat contained in the red-hot streets. [Laughter.] If he can make a payment of considerable size, he is furnished with a pair of stilts and a palm-leaf fan. [Laughter.] But if he has plenty of cash and is willing to plank it down, the priest sends the devil a "wireless" to make special preparations, for a gentleman who has the "chink" and doesn't hesitate to part with it is on the road. [Laughter.]

And when the distinguished guest arrives, he's met at the station with a limousine and whirled away to a fireproof palace, wherein he and the popes, Bishop Purcell says are in hell, spend their time drinking iced lemonades—pretty well spiked—and looking through the windows at the poor wretches who are roasting in the flames because they failed to pay their hotel bills and their living relatives are too stingy to put up the money. [Applause.]

In the meantime, priests who have not yet purchased their transportation for purgatory [laughter] manage to live pretty well and save a little money. And some of these "sacrificers for the good of the cause"—like Bishop Quigley, of Chicago—live in mansions that would make a man worth only a million or so blush, and enjoy the luxury of stables at the rear of their homes—like Bishop Quigley's—that would make any dwelling on East Broad Street* look like thirty cents. [Laughter.]

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*East Broad is the wealthy residence street of Columbus.

The confessional-box is patronized largely by women and girls—especially women and girls whose time is not monopolized by the frivolities of society, and who are made to believe that, although the canon of the church specifies the confessional at least once a year, they must whisper into the holy father's ear not less than once a week.

In the two preceding discourses I called your attention to the unholy system of Roman Catholicism which, unless the law of cause and effect has unfolded its wings and forever flown, can do nothing other than degrade the priesthood.

And in the last lecture I emphasized the numerous charges preferred against the priesthood by history and living, responsible people, concerning which Romanism is as silent as the grave.

It has been clearly proven that the system has degraded priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes. On page 71 of "Romanism a Menace to the Nation," Crowley affirms that Leo XIII. was an immoral man and that one of his sons—

Cardinal Satolli—has left his own foot-prints in the mud of licentiousness. Crowley offers ten thousand dollars for proof that his assertions are false. The Catholic Church proclaims Leo XIII. as the most immaculate of popes. And if he was not Cardinal Satolli's father, it is passing strange that the church has not sufficient pride to disprove the charge.

If any credence can be placed in history—history penned by Catholics themselves—and the testimony of ex-Catholics whose veracity in all other matters is above reproach, the confessional-box is the instrument through which the law of cause and effect, in its connection with the system, operates.

The imp of the confessional-box, whose constant sin is blacker than murder, strikes both ways, frequently destroying both confessor and penitent.

In 1907 three thousand French priests, staggering under the weight of this unnatural system, are said to have signed and sent a petition to Pius X., praying him to abolish priestly celibacy.

Priests confess one to another.

Father Chiniquy says: "Those who have escaped the snares of the tempter are few compared with those who have perished. I have heard the confessions of more than two hundred priests, and to say the truth, as God knows it, I must declare that only twenty-one had not to weep over the secret sins committed through the irresistibly corrupting influences of the auricular confession. I am now more than seventy-seven years old, and in a short time I shall be in my grave. I shall have to give an account of what I now say. Well, it is in the presence of my great Judge, with my tomb before my eyes, that I declare to the world that very few—yes, very few —priests escape from falling into the pit of the most horrible moral depravity the world has ever known, through the confessional."

In addition to the shady theology taught in the Catholic seminaries, the priests are instructed in the art of leading penitents on by authorized questions. And many of these questions are of such a nature that should I repeat them here

to-night, you would rise, *en masse,* and drive me from the building. The questions asked penitents are such that no woman could repeat them to another of her own sex without blushing. Vile men could discuss and enjoy them, but men of culture would not pollute their lips with such obscenity.

This is not fancy upon my part. Should you read Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, and other Roman instructors who prescribe the questions every priest must know as he knows the alphabet, and ask his penitents, you would wonder how any priest could walk the streets without wearing a veil. [Applause.]

Cases are on record of girls running home from the confessional and asking their parents about things the priests had revealed to them—things of which they were entirely ignorant and concerning which they should have been kept in ignorance for years to come. And cases are on record of boys declaring that priests had told them, in the confessional, things they had not even heard from the lips of bad companions. It's authentic

that boys have said to one another: "Let's go to confessional, and let the holy father entertain us with religion." [Laughter.]

"Well, Bridget," asked the priest, "have you thought about anything bad since your last confession?"

"No, yez Holiness," was the reply, "nothing excipt the thing yez told me about the last time I was here." [Laughter.]

All down through the centuries, since the inauguration of the auricular confession, from it has gone forth a constant stream of corruption. In recent years hundreds of cases have come to light in which we see a reflection of hell itself. And at the present time, whenever a life is blighted or a home ruined by the Catholic priesthood, nine times in ten, the infamy is traceable to the confessional-box. Crowley, Clark and numerous other living, responsible men—and women, too—declare that the auricular confession is debauching young lives by the thousand all over our country and throughout the world. Yet the Catholic

Church puts forth no effort to defend this institution.

I shall now make three statements, and my only regret is that the limitations of our language prohibit the emphasis with which I should like to make them.

1. If the Methodist, Baptist, or any other Protestant church, had a confessional, whose language could not be printed in English, concerning which there was one-half the suspicion and connected with which there was one-third the scandal that attach to the Catholic confessional, the American people would raise a howl that would frighten the inhabitants of Mars out of their wits. [Applause.] Our lawmakers would no longer say they could not interfere with religious liberty, and they would smash that confessional-box into smithereens. [Applause.]

2. I challenge statistics to prove that Mormonism has corrupted the morals of our country anything like as much as has the Catholic confessional. Yet, a few years ago, the Federal Government forgot its "religious liberty

policy" long enough to open wide its indignant hand and slap Mormonism in the face so hard that the Latter-day Saints ran back to Salt Lake City, praying: "O shades of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young! Come back and protect us from this terrible persecution!" [Applause.]

3. And I unhesitatingly assert that the auricular confession, which pours into the minds of young people its unprintable questions, wrecks homes, and is accused of multiplied dark and monster crimes by reputable men who declare they have the evidence, but are not called upon to produce it, and which has been repeatedly condemned in the persons of offending priests by the courts of our land, ought to be prohibited by law. [Prolonged applause.]

Last Sunday night I stated that the Catholic press calls antipapal magazines "vile sheets." I further stated that I agreed with the Catholic verdict, and that to-night I would tell you why. I shall now redeem that promise. Antipapal journals are sharp knives that are

run, up to the hilt, into the side of Romanism every month and week in the year. And if only the auricular confession were under consideration, these blades are necessarily vile, because they are being constantly stuck into the filthiest system over which the angels have wept and the devil has laughed. [Applause.]

The Protestant magazine, the *Menace,* and other strictly antipapal journals, together with a number of independent religious papers that contain antipapal departments—the *Christian Standard** of Cincinnati being second to none—constitute a great blade which is constantly getting longer and sharper each week. This blade is constantly pushed into the side of Rome and turned, and the old lady, in a voice that can be heard the world around, is daily shrieking, "Ouch! that hurts!" [Applause.]

The independent press, a knife that

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*The *Christian Standard,* published from Eighth, Ninth and Cutter Streets, Cincinnati, O., each week contains a page, ably edited, devoted to a discussion of the problems thrust upon the attention of the church and the public by the false pretensions and misdeeds of Roman Catholicism.

reaches across oceans and continents, and whose length is measured only by the extent of civilization, is on the job, slashing Romanism from head to foot every day in the year and every hour in the day. [Applause.] It is cutting the curtains from around the confessional-box and revealing the most hideous monster of the nefarious system, which for centuries has degraded and damned women and children in the name of religion. [Applause.] And the task of revelation, from combined sources, will be continued until either Romanism abolishes the confessional-box and strangles the demon which debauches priests and penitents, or the governments of the world rise up in their indignation and integrity and sweep the entire system into perdition. [Applause.]

And still another imp jumps up. [Laughter.] Its name will appear in the next statement I shall make.

The best priest in the world is a sinful man—just like other men. And when he assumes the prerogative of deciding the gravity of another's sin and

granting or withholding absolution—a prerogative which belongs only to God—the assumption is the most blatant blasphemy known to man. [Applause.]

Furthermore, when a priest, whose body is saturated with rum—in the light of the Scriptural statement, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven"—and whose heart and life are steeped in the lowest iniquity to which the outcast can stoop, sits in God's stead to hear and pass upon the sins of which the purest of women and innocent children feel guilty, it's an insult to human intelligence, a travesty upon religion, and an outrage upon high Heaven. [Applause.]

The arrogance of the confessional alone condemns Roman Catholicism before the judgment-bar of unbiased reason. [Applause.]

After his confession, an Irishman is said to have engaged his priest in the following conversation:

"Father, does yez iver go to confission?"

"Certainly, Patrick. Priests, bishops,

cardinals, and popes all go to confession. The priest confesses to his bishop, the bishop to a cardinal, the cardinal to the pope, and the pope to God."

"Is thot so? And what might be the cost?"

"The priest pays the bishop twenty-five dollars, the bishop pays the cardinal fifty dollars, and the cardinal pays the pope one hundred dollars."

"Is thot so? It appears to git higher the fither up yez go! And what does the pope pay God, yez riverence?"

"Why, the pope gets his confession free."

"Is thot so? If thot's the case, I think Oi'll confiss to God meself after this." [Laughter.]

The confessional is about the only feature of Romanism that is not directly connected with the almighty dollar; but indirectly it is a money-making institution, for it keeps the people in line with the sale of indulgences, scapulars, holy water, etc.

Eliminating the direct confessional fee, which is not charged, the story intro-

duces my third proposition—God is the only logical and Scriptural confessor to whom penitents should go.

The human heart yearns for the touch of a power higher than its own. Common sense declares that this power is not lodged in the breast of man or any position he may create. [Applause.]

The Scriptures teach that man is responsible to God, and to him alone. The command, "Confess your faults one to another," has reference to man's relation to man and not his relation to God.

God alone has power to forgive sins. Nor has he ever delegated this power to any other, save his only begotten Son. Hence, any man who arrogates unto himself the prerogative of sitting in God's or Christ's stead is the most brazen blasphemer on earth. [Applause.]

And all, however conscientious they may be, who bow in the confessional-box, bend the knee of contrition to the evil spirit that was thrown out of heaven and fell "as lightning" to the earth—whom, not knowing what else to name him, we call the devil. [Applause.]

V.

ROME'S BLOODY HANDS.

(Rev. 17:6.)

An address only an hour in length, on any phase of Roman Catholicism, is necessarily at a great disadvantage, because the time is too limited to do more than pull out the stopper and let the audience have a whiff of what is contained in the tremendous jug. [Laughter.] But even a whiff is like hartshorn in the nose. [Laughter.] It nearly blows the top of one's head off [laughter], throws the brain into a whirl, and makes the heart sick.

In the love-letter* I read you last

*On the preceding Sunday evening Mr. Rutledge read a scathing letter he had received from Theo. Wolfram, a Catholic and a well-known business man of Columbus. The letter contained such epithets as "blatherskite" and "skunk," and such compliments as "when that venomous froth dripped from your mouth," "your horrible, putredinous breath," "you have no conscience," "you are a freak," "you seem to have cultivated your mind at the expense of your heart," and "under an X-ray, it [your heart] will show that it is like a last year's potato." The reading of the letter was a cause of much merriment for the audience.

Sunday night [laughter] the author accused me of poisoning the minds of the people. I agree with him that the exhibition of Roman Catholicism is not the best tonic in the world for public morals. [Applause.] But there are times when it is necessary to show the public even the worst side of life. [Applause.]

If I am poisoning the minds of the people when I simply remove the stopper for a short time, what are the Catholic seminaries doing to the priesthood when they pour the obscene contents of this jug all over the young theologues? [Laughter.] And what are the priests doing in the confessional-box when they begin with children at the early age of nine or ten years—first letting them smell, then compelling them to drink from this jug—and when they force this poison into the minds of girls and women by the hundred thousand every year? [Applause.]

Tom Watson published a little of this poison in his magazine, the cry went forth, "That's unprintable and therefore unlawful!" and he was haled into court.

An English publisher was imprisoned for printing the language priests are taught in the seminaries and compelled to employ in the confessional-box.

No priest would state under oath that the works of Dens, Kenrick, Debreyne, Buchard, Liguori, and Scavani could be given to the public in English book or newspaper. For priests know these works could be produced in court, and they would stand convicted of perjury.

Roman Catholicism slays morals, blasts lives, and wrecks homes in every land. But we shall now say farewell to this nauseating side of the subject, and look, briefly as possible, on another side, which, on the surface, seems worse, but in reality is not as bad.

I would rather see my daughter burned alive or carved to pieces than have her pass through the experience which, according to Rome's own historians, living witnesses, and court records, has been the fate of untold thousands as a direct result of Catholic theology. [Applause.]

During the three preceding lectures,

while I have held the stopper, you have looked at the jug and held your noses. [Laughter.] To-night you will have to hold your nerves. If you are inclined to faint at the sight of blood, I would advise you to either retire now or get your smelling-salts ready. [Laughter.] And if you are in the habit of pulling off long fainting spells, perhaps you had better make your will. [Laughter.]

Whether or not my text comprehends more than I shall emphasize in this discourse, I'm not prepared to say. But I will say that it applies to Romanism more than to anything else with which the Christian religion has been connected, and that it convicts the Catholic Church before the tribunal of human intelligence.

For if the Roman Church has not been "drunken with the blood of the saints," history is a lie and it's folly to believe anything we read concerning the past. [Applause.]

The subject on which I'm to speak, this evening, is not like the proverbial needle in the haystack. It is like the

straws that compose the stack, so multiplied are the atrocities it presents. The difficulty, therefore, is not the task of finding something to say, but that of deciding just where to reach in and pull out a bunch of hair-raising facts.

I could tell you about the murders connected with the Vatican, as a result of jealousy, ambition, and expecially the atmosphere of suspicion which has always been and is still breathed by popes, cardinals, guards, domestics, and all who have been and are associated with that citadel of iniquity. [Applause.] And I could punctuate the discourse with a reference to the mysterious death of Cardinal Rampolla, which occurred only a few weeks ago. Rampolla had Papal ambitions, and, like others around whose head the infallible bee has buzzed, he, abruptly and under circumstances that were questionable, boarded the limited express for purgatory. [Laughter.] That is not a sacrilegious statement. The Catholic Church teaches that the best of her members go to purgatory. Rampolla's will, dated April 13, 1889,

which has come to light, was published in last week's issue of the *Western Watchman.* And in that will he made a large bequest to his own soul, specifying that immediately after his death two hundred masses should begin, at five francs a mass, to get him out of purgatory. Nor is my reference to his recent decease rash. The Associated Press, which, as I shall prove next Sunday night, is controlled by the Catholic Church and is therefore conservative regarding all Romish news, recently acquainted the public with the fact that Rampolla's powerful friends had threatened to have his body exhumed and his stomach searched for poison. This will afford you an idea of the confidence the holy men in and about the Vatican repose in one another in the good year 1914. [Applause.]

I could devote the time to a discussion of wholesale infanticide, submitting evidence in support of the charge that thousands of children have been born and buried behind stone walls.

Or I could talk for hours upon con-

vent horrors. I could specify cases like that of Barbara Ubryk, who, as court records in England are reported to show, was confined in a living tomb—eight feet long and six feet wide—for twenty-one years. According to the published story in booklet form by L. J. King, she was never given water with which to bathe. She was kept half starved, and periodically she was beaten. Her garments rotted away, and during a majority of those years she had only nature's raiment in the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The hair fell from her head, her nails became as bird's claws, vermin ate her body, which was reduced to a skeleton, and she nearly lost her reason. And she was thus punished by the Mother Superior because, as a beautiful girl, she is alleged to have stubbornly withstood the infamous advances of her father confessor. The indignant Catholics, themselves, it is asserted, tried to demolish the convent. And the sleek, well-groomed priest, who during all these twenty-one years enjoyed the confidence of his bishop and the best Catholic people,

is said to have committed suicide to escape the verdict of the court.

And I could dwell upon numerous other outrages, some of which have touched the life of our own country in our own day.

But I shall pass these by and give the subject a more general survey.

From the viewpoint of Romanism, there is only one sin too black to be forgiven—the sin of heresy.

Priests may drink until they are drunk—and I've seen them do it. They may steal—and Crowley affirms that they do. They may ruin women and children by the thousand—and scores of living men and women prefer these charges and claim they have the evidence, which is never called for. And the only punishment inflicted upon them is a transfer to another parish. But let a priest or layman renounce the doctrines and traditions of the Catholic Church, and he at once becomes such a fiend in human form that his family and friends pronounce him dead, the saints are called upon to curse him, and he is branded

the vilest sinner on earth and the arch-enemy of Heaven.

For the sin of heresy, in past centuries, people were put to death by every cruel method the devil could invent, and at the instigation of "infallible" popes and "holy" bishops and cardinals whose lives, according to Catholic historians, were lurid with the most horrible licentiousness the world has ever known.

Time will not permit me to begin at its source and follow this river of blood as it flows and widens. Hence, I can only dip into it here and there, and call your attention to its width, depth, and turbulent current.

Admiral Coligny was cruelly murdered in 1572. His head was cut off, embalmed, and given to Catherine de Medici, who sent it as a welcome present to the pope.

Thomas Cranmer was burned at the stake in 1556.

Ridley and Latimer were roasted alive, Oct. 16, 1555.

In 1417, John Oldcastle was tied on a cart and paraded through the city to the

place of execution. He was then suspended with chains and tortured to death by a slow fire.

John Huss was fed to the flames in 1414.

And I could continue, indefinitely, naming great, scholarly, godly men who have suffered death, in most excruciating forms, because they declined to acknowledge the supremacy of the pope.

Thus far, I have had you simply glance at the retail end of heresy—extermination. I shall now call your attention to the wholesale part of the wicked business.

But, before doing so, I wish to pick up and tie a loose thread that is hanging by one end.

Now and then a silly priest, who hasn't the power of analysis required of a dog-catcher [laughter], offers the apology that the church is not guilty of the crimes history records, and insists that they were committed by the governments.

I believe in fair play. Therefore, I'm willing to investigate this apology. And

if the Catholic Church is innocent of the crimes she is alleged to have committed, I, for one, stand ready to break my gun, put on a scapular, and go to confession [laughter]; though I fear the penance I would have to do for delivering these lectures would keep me busy for at least a day or so. [Laughter.]

Let us suppose that I have a magistrate under my absolute control, and that I have hitherto had a law enacted which declares that all people must believe as I do—under penalty of death. I single out a man, prefer and sustain the charge that he doesn't believe as I do, and he is executed. And when you reprimand me for having done such a horrible thing, I roll my eyes to heaven, look holy, and say: "Run along. I didn't do it. The magistrate is the bad man." [Applause.]

If there's a man here to-night so limited in gray matter that he can not see the point, and he'll permit the favor, I'll go to the butcher's to-morrow, buy some calf brains, and shovel them into his head with a spoon. [Laughter.]

However, to illustrate the point so the

children present may grasp it, I'll refer to a couple of historic examples.

Once upon a time there was a man by the name of Henry IV. History says he was Emperor of Germany, and one day he made the mistake of actually thinking he was the emperor. He decided that Pope Gregory VII. should attend to his own affairs and let the business of the German Government alone. But, unfortunately for him, the pope decided otherwise. The result was that the emperor made a pilgrimage to the pope's house in midwinter, 1077. He knocked. But the pope looked through the window, saw who was there, and said: "I'm busy just now. Take off your shoes and all your clothes except your shirt, and stand outside till I call you." The emperor removed his clothing and stood at the door three long days. And when he was nearly starved and frozen, he was invited in to "eat a bite," get warm, and talk things over. The conversation that day, somewhat one-sided, was about as follows: "Now, Henry, if you'll kiss my toe [laughter], and promise to be good, you

may run along back home and play that you are emperor. But don't ever make the mistake again of forgetting that I'm the boss." [Laughter.]

And once upon another time there was a man at Toulouse, France, whose name was Count Raimond (VI.). He was the chief magistrate of a province wherein there were a number of heretics, and the decree had been issued that his heretics should pay the penalty of their folly. This man also felt well enough one morning to eat a good breakfast, after which he placed his thumbs in his vest-bands, made a turn or two, drew in a deep breath, and concluded that he was somebody. He thought of the fatal decree, and, throwing back his shoulders, said out loud: "I don't believe in killing heretics, and I think I'll let mine live."

Pope Innocent III. overheard this insolent soliloquy. Whereupon he wrote a letter to Philip Augustus, the king. And, to make a long story short, on the 18th of June, 1209, the magistrate concluded that he would take a day off and have a little fun. He (voluntarily, of

course!) laid his hand on the "consecrated host" and "relics of the saints," and took a solemn oath that he would obey the pope during the remainder of his life [laughter], and that he would pursue heretics with sword and fire until they were totally exterminated. This oath must have been delightful!

Then some of the church officials told him it would be in keeping with the pleasant occasion of his visit in their midst for him to ride a goat—just to help him remember his oath. [Laughter.] You men have ridden goats in your lodges. [Laughter.] But you never rode one like that Catholic goat the French magistrate rode. [Laughter.] They told him to remove all his garments to keep them from being torn when the goat kicked up. [Laughter.] A halter was thrown about his neck, he was led seven times around a grave in the holy church edifice, then, before the altar, his back was beaten with a bundle of rods until it looked like a beefsteak cut with a saw. [Laughter.] Then they went home to supper, light-hearted, and singing:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live."

[Laughter.]

All except the magistrate. He sang:

"Amazing Rome! Dismiss the sound!
That thrashed a count like me!
I once was free, but now am bound;
Was blind, but now I see!"

[Laughter.]

The pope had a never-failing method of opening the eyes of every king, emperor, and subordinate official who presumed to withstand the decrees of the church or to say his soul was his own. [Applause.]

When a priest in yonder cathedral absolves a penitent, Romanism teaches that the church does it. And just as the Roman Church to-day operates her spiritual affairs through the priests she dominates, the church of the world's midnight operated her persecutions through the government officials she controlled.

Madam Rome, your apology has been heard; but, after due consideration, we have decided not to accept it. [Applause.]

I shall cut out the Crusades, whose object was the conquest of the Holy Land, and admit Rome's argument that they were justifiable; though it's difficult to square the tactics of that conflict with the standards of war that were observed even centuries prior to the time of Peter the Hermit.

Back as far as the twelfth century, there was a class of people known as *Cathari,* or Puritans. Their only sin was that of recognizing Christ, instead of the pope, as Head of the church. Yet they were universally persecuted.

In 1159 a company of these plain, God-fearing folk—thirty in number—appeared in England. They banded themselves together in the capacity of a congregation, and sought only the liberty of conscience. But this liberty was denied them, and likewise was their right to live. They were each branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron, deprived of their raiment, whipped through the streets of Oxford, and turned loose in the open fields, where, in the depth of winter, they were compelled to remain until they all

perished. This is only an example of the punishment inflicted upon these good people wherever they were found.

The Albigenses, a people who declined to acknowledge the pope as Christ's vicar on earth, were special objects of Papal enmity.

Pope Innocent III., who hated these people with all the venom of his depraved soul, decided to rid the earth of their presence, and put his decision into immediate bloody action.

The city of Beziers, in France, was besieged in 1209. The Knights asked the pope's legate how to distinguish the Catholics from the heretics. The legate replied: "Kill them all; the Lord will know those that are his." When the gates were entered, women and children fled to the churches, thinking that within the sacred walls mercy might be shown them. But Romanism has never learned the meaning of "mercy." The victims were carved to pieces, and their blood drenched the altars and flowed out into the streets. Then the dripping blade of carnage was thrust through every remain-

ing man, woman, and child in the city.

In 1210 men and women, numbering 140, were roasted alive on a great pile of lumber in the castle of Menerbe.

In 1211 Lavaur was besieged. The refugees were cut to pieces and burned, and the lady of the castle was buried alive. And during this fiendish performance, the bishop, the abbot of Cordieu, and all the priests clothed in pontifical habits, rolled their hypocritical eyes heavenward and sang, *"Veni, Creator."* Then, proceeding to the castle of Cassoro, the fiends seized and tortured about sixty other victims to death.

But time will not permit a lengthy, detailed account of these wholesale murders. As we pursue history, we find the Roman Church, even in this early period, continuously slaking her thirst with the blood of saints. Petrus Vallensis, the monkish historian, who was present on various of these hell-born and devil-led occasions, testifies that the pilgrims seized the heretics and tortured them with infinite joy.

Finally, in 1215, Pope Innocent III.

had his infamous council issue a sweeping decree against heretics, and the grim reaper went marching on, red-handed and remorselessly, across the countries and down through the centuries.

I haven't the time to portray the wicked Innocents and Gregories, Pope Julius—the "man of blood"—and numerous other fiends incarnate, whose hypocritical, scarlet lives are recorded in general history, and whose names are to-day "sainted" by the Catholic Church and recognized as open gates of pearl through which supplications may be addressed to the Eternal Throne.

Time will not permit an extended perusal of Bloody Mary's five-year reign of terror, during which the pope wielded the scepter and 282 persons were put to death.

Nor can I dwell upon the continued slaughter of the Albigenses and Waldenses, the Inquisition in Spain and France, and the bloody application of the Lateran decree in every land wherein circumstances placed heretics at the mercy of Catholics.

But for a few moments we will look at Paris on the night of Aug. 24, 1572.

Beginning with the murder of Coligny, the slaughter raged until more than five thousand people lay mangled and dead, and the streets were like scarlet rivers. The massacre extended to Meaux, Troyes, Orleans, Nevers, Lyons, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rouen, and other localities, and fully twenty-five thousand were added to the list of carnage. And this bloody badge swings from the lapel of St. Bartholomew's Day!

Was the church *particeps criminis?* Let history answer. After having gone to mass and thanking God for the victory, the king sent a messenger to the pope with the joyful news. Did the pope rend his garments, put on sackcloth, cover his head with ashes, and decree that the wicked king should be drawn and quartered? Not much! The pope and cardinals repaired to the Church of St. Louis, where they returned thanks to God for this wholesale slaughter of heretics. *Te Deum* was sung, and cannon fired the glad announcement to the neighborhoods

around. But this was not enough to satisfy the hilarious pope. He had a medal struck, on one side of which was inscribed *"Hugonotorum Strages* [slaughter of the Huguenots] 1572," and on the other side, his own name and title.

O thou Gregory XIII.! Thou didst wear the artificial robes of righteousness and proclaim thyself the incarnate Christ! And thou art yet called "saint" by the millions who acknowledge thee as having been an embodiment of holiness and infallibility! But thy heart was filled with wriggling, striking, poisonous vipers, thy tongue was tipped with blasphemy, and thy hands were gleefully plunged into a warm, quivering lake of innocent blood! [Applause.]

Had the Roman Church put her victims to death decently, and with as little pain as possible, she would have stood out in bold relief, down to the end of time, as a monster whose iniquities could not have been described.

But, not content with what the phrase "extermination by death" implies, she has not only thirsted for human blood,

but her ears have itched to hear the groans of pain and her eyes have tingled to feast themselves upon the shrinking flesh and writhing forms of men, women, and children in extreme torture. The man-eating tiger thirsts for blood. But no one has ever accused that animal of prolonging a victim's life just to glory in his misery. This tiger, as an illustration of Roman Catholicism, is therefore too mild. And I, hereby, dismiss him, with an apology for having associated his name with that of a system of murder whose cruelty could not be improved upon in hell. [Applause.]

Look upon the dungeons in which heretics were starved, and eaten by vermin; look upon the graves in which they were buried alive; look upon the spiked iron virgin, in which they were squeezed and their bodies pierced; look upon the stake and the slow fire, which roasted them alive; look upon the Inquisition chambers, in which they were tortured with racks and pulleys and needles and knives and fire! People were hurled from precipices, dropped into wells, hung

on hooks, and put to death by every other cruel method depraved ingenuity could devise.

But even blood and physical pain did not satisfy Rome's desire for fiendish pleasure. Hence the infliction of mental torture by methods the public mention of a majority of which is prohibited by the rules of propriety. I shall, therefore, refer you to only one case—described by Dowling.

Nothing is so tender and heavenly as a mother's love for the babe at her breast. The Roman Church discovered the depth and sensitiveness of this holy affection, and even subjected it to torture —the instances in which babes have been snatched from their mothers' arms and cruelly put to death being legion.

The historian takes us back to Jan. 23, 1685, and points out a case of persecution, the infamy of which surpasses the most blood-curdling accounts of the Inquisition chambers. A mother is chained in such a position that she can not help looking through a partition into an adjoining rom, wherein her little babe

has been mercilessly flung upon the floor. The persecutors withdraw and let time perform its ghastly task. The sun goes down, but a candle burns that the veil of darkness may not shield the maternal eyes from the heart-breaking spectacle. The long night passes and another day dawns to drag and wane. The babe hungers and suffers and cries. Its moans finally cease, but it continues to gasp and its flesh quivers until the weeping angel reaches down and receives the little spirit. And the mother has been so near —yet so far; her heart has broken a thousand times; the tears have trickled over her burning cheeks until the tear-glands have become inactive and her eyes are dry and glassy; she has been compelled to hear and witness it all. [Audience wept.]

Don't tell me God is in a system in which there is no humanity! If I had to believe Roman Catholicism was ordained of God, or that he is, in anywise, connected with it, I'd turn atheist, I would throw away my Bible [drops Bible to the floor] and say to the Psalm-

ist: "You may call me a fool, if you wish. But I do not believe a word in that book!" [Applause.]

"But when the world's midnight passed, the persecuting spirit of Romanism passed with it," we are sometimes assured. Let's examine this proposition.

Modern Roman Catholicism, instead of anathematizing the human fiends of ancient Roman Catholicism, canonizes these monsters and thereby indorses their black lives and hellish deeds.

Civilization has advanced until Romanism no longer has the sword and torture-rack in her hands. But Romanism has not advanced. As a system it is still roaming the wilds of medieval centuries. [Applause.] It is behind the times scientifically and religiously; and while it is up to date and a little beyond in political wire-pulling, it is four centuries out of date in its political ideals. [Applause.]

The system is behind its people in many respects, and this is a hopeful sign. By persuasion, threats, and penance, Rome tries to compel her people to pat-

ronize her own schools. But, in practically every community, many Catholics send their children to the public schools for no other reason than that Rome's own schools are out of date. This reason has been repeatedly assigned by Catholics themselves. It hasn't been a week since a Catholic told an officer of this church that he quit sending his children to the parochial school because he had discovered that they were learning nothing that would be of service in adult life. [Applause.]

Rome's decrees that heretics must be exterminated have never been rescinded.

I'm informed that in text-books, still taught in Catholic seminaries, it is positively stated that "obstinate heretics should be exterminated," and that "if by declaring our religion we cause some disturbance and deaths, it is to the glory of God."

And added to all this, the encyclicals of all the popes emphasize the infallibility of the church.

Can infallibility make mistakes, discover them, repent, and change? Roman-

ism teaches that it does not and can not. Is logic logic? Or is it only moonshine? [Applause.]

Here and there, in countries dominated by Romanism, cases of persecution came to light in the nineteenth century.

I refer you to one of comparatively recent date. Hardesty, in "Why are We Protestants?" states that in 1892—and I fancy a few of you were living then [laughter]—Felix Martinez was put to death in San Lorenzo because the Jesuits discovered that he was doing the church in that locality an injury by inducing his friends to read the Bible.

And it is further asserted in this book that, about that time, a Catholic paper in New York edified the morals of its readers with the following "up-to-date" editorial: "Lynch law is a barbarous remedy. But lynch law is not confined to Mexico. And if it ever could be justifiable, it is when, in a country devoted to the Catholic faith, a blaspheming infidel, having become interested in the Bible, proceeds to interest his neighbors."

I'm a Southern man. And, like all other Southern men at the present time, I would die for the "Stars and Stripes." [Applause.] But had I discovered America about twenty years before the Civil War, I think I should have been in that rumpus. [Laughter.] And, in Mark Twain's language, "there would probably have been trouble." [Laughter.]

Now let me refresh your memory a little regarding American history. Jefferson Davis' sister was the superioress of a convent in Bardstown, Ky.

The first gun at Fort Sumpter was fired by a Roman Catholic.

And Pope Pius IX. wrote President Davis a letter containing consolation and courage. He was the only European potentate who recognized the Confederacy. Was it because he loved Davis and the Southern people? Nonsense. So far as Davis and the Southern people were concerned, they were no more to him than was African slavery, which was "the goat" of that terrible war. I say "the goat" because had the situation not

been manipulated by schemers—both North and South and abroad—the slavery question would have settled itself. [Applause.] The men who got up the war never smelt smoke—except the smoke of their cigars. [Laughter.]

The fact that the pope blessed the Confederacy instead of the Union proves that he believed and hoped that the South would be victorious. And it is quite evident, to my mind, that he was planning a long scheme—that of getting the Papal hooks in at the very beginning of the new government, filling the South with his emissaries, and making the Confederate States of America a Catholic nation. Had this been the result, with the aid of Mexico and the Catholic constituency of Canada, together with Catholic prestige in the United States, the project of making all America Catholic would have looked sanguine. The fact that Catholics fought on both sides does not pierce my argument. For we have already seen, in the destruction of Beziers, that Romanism does not hesitate to sacrifice its own blood when the

interests of the church are at stake. [Applause.]

Perhaps some of you think I've drawn on extreme fancy. I'll prove that my argument is not so far removed, as you might think, from that of a man whose conclusions upon subjects pertaining to the Civil War are highly respected in this country. Abraham Lincoln said: "This war would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. If the people knew the whole truth, this war would turn into a religious war. New projects of assassination are detected almost every day. The New York riots were evidently a Romish plot. We have proof in our hands that they were the work of Bishop Hughes." [Applause.]

And there's a sequel to this line of argument. So hostile was Lincoln toward the Catholic Church that many papers said he was an ex-Catholic. Father Chiniquy, a close personal friend of the President, said to him, "That

report is your sentence of death." Lincoln himself prophesied that he would die at the hands of an assassin and that his death would be inspired by Jesuits.

Now, I wish you to look at a chain I shall jingle before your eyes.

John Wilkes Booth was a Catholic.

Mrs. Surratt, in whose house the murder was planned, was a Catholic, and John H. Surratt was a Catholic.

Dr. Mudd, who set Booth's leg, was a Catholic.

Garrett, in whose barn Booth took refuge, was a Catholic.

Lloyd, who kept the carbine Booth wanted for protection, was a Catholic.

General Baker, the detective, said, "All the conspirators were Roman Catholics."

The death of Lincoln was announced by Catholics at St. Joseph, Minn., forty miles from the nearest railroad station, several hours before it occurred.

Father Chiniquy, Col. Edwin A. Sherman, and General Harris, after investigating the murder, affirmed that Rome was the instigator of Lincoln's assassination.

For a verification of this astounding evidence, I refer you to Brandt's "America or Rome," Chiniquy's works, and other books that enjoy an extensive circulation, not one of which Rome dares assail historically. [Applause.]

Is the old-time spirit of Romanism dead or asleep? Or is it still alive and awake, but held in subjection by governments and the humane spirit of our age?

On page 169 of "Romanism a Menace to the Nation," the *Western Watchman,* of St. Louis, edited by D. S. Phelan, is quoted as follows from the issue of Dec. 24, 1908: "Protestants were persecuted in France and Spain with the full approval of the church authorities. The church has persecuted. Only a tyro in church history will deny that. We have always defended the persecution of the Huguenots and the Spanish Inquisition. When she thinks it good to use physical force, she will use it. But will the Catholic Church give bond that she will not persecute at all? Will she guarantee absolute freedom and equality of

all churches and faiths? The Catholic Church gives no bonds for her good behavior."

Inasmuch as the editor of one of your greatest papers declares that the Catholic Church stands ready to persecute Protestants to-day, as she did in centuries gone by, you Catholics should not feel bitter toward me for suggesting that your system of religion—if it may be termed a religious system—has not changed, but is simply held in check by the forces of our advanced age. [Applause.]

After the meeting last Sunday night, a Roman Catholic stood in front of this pulpit, and, after referring to an experience of thirty years in the holy confessional-box, expressed a very ardent desire to tear all the flesh from my bones. [Laughter.] About a dozen of you people had come forward and were eye-witnesses of the circus. [Laughter.] Fortunately, there was no china broken. [Laughter.]

I close by asking whence this murderous desire in our own land, expressed in

the presence of witnesses right here in this building, and sanctioned by a leading Catholic editor, if it be not generated by the present-day teaching of the system, whose hands are red with the blood of more than fifty million saints, and which, according to its own proud boast, is infallible and unchangeable? [Applause.]

VI.

ROMANISM AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

(Ps. 20:5.)

We are Americans, and these colors [pointing to the flag with which the Bible-stand was draped] are our banners. [Applause.]

Romanism affords such a variety of subjects that months could be devoted to its discussion. But it is the object of this series of lectures to emphasize only the major themes.

In the second speech I called your attention to the fallacy of Papal infallibility.

The third lifted to your view the priesthood—human and powerless, and in the iron grasp of an unnatural, immoral system, and necessarily depraved because the law of cause and effect is no respecter of persons, situations, or religions.

The fourth revealed the confessional-box, the heart-throb of the system, as the instrument through which the unreligious, uncivilized, unlawful theology that is taught in the Catholic seminaries strikes both ways, and frequently accomplishes the ruin of both priest and penitent.

The fifth presented conclusive evidence—evidence, the most of which slipped from Rome's own tongue—in proof of the proposition that modern Roman Catholicism is nothing more nor less than medieval Roman Catholicism.

In the first discourse it was stated that Romanism is not a religion, but a world-wide political organization, and that it has designs on the United States. To-night evidence in support of that charge will be presented—evidence that will enable a blind man to see that Rome's church functions and benevolences are only covers under which she is operating her schemes against the freedom for which the fathers of our country poured out their blood.

Next Sunday night, when discussing

"The Protestantism of Our Day and Its Relations to Roman Catholicism," I shall prescribe what I consider the only remedy.

To my Protestant critics—and I expected them to pop up [laughter]—who think me unbalanced and reckless, accuse me of sinister motives, and claim that I'm calling attention to a "mare's nest" [laughter], I wish to say that my intellectual friends are chosen with some care and that I'm in good company, as I shall very soon prove. [Applause.]

I could introduce an array of great men, who, if they stood side by side, would form a line from Broad and Twenty-first Streets to the Capitol—men who, having studied Romanism from every angle and foreshadowed its trend, have been brave and patriotic enough to proclaim their convictions from the housetops. But as I have some propositions of my own to present for your consideration, I shall refer you to the utterances of only a few.

"The influence of the Roman Catholic Church is adverse to freedom in the

state, the family and the individual."—*William E. Gladstone.*

"The pope, who would employ fire and sword against us if he had the power to do so, who would confiscate our property and not spare our lives, expects us to allow him full, uncontrolled sway."—*Bismarck.*

"This country had its first conflict for its independent existence; its second for its unbroken unity; the third will be for its institutions."—*Philip Schaff.*

"Jesuits are all devoted to the object of exterminating Protestantism—civil and religious—and extending the scepter of the Papacy over the world."—*R. W. Thompson.*

"Papacy is a political system, despotic in its organization, antidemocratic and antirepublican, and can not, therefore, exist with American republicanism."—*Professor Morse.*

"If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, it will be by the power of the Roman clergy."—*Lafayette.*

"The whole of the Roman Catholic

population of the male persuasion are being drilled and disciplined. I tell you, we are living upon a volcano."—*Col. Edwin A. Sherman.*

"It is no secret that the Roman Catholic Church is utterly and irrevocably opposed to our common-school system." —*Beecher.*

"If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing-line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but it will be between patriotism and intelligence on one side and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other."—*General Grant.* [Applause.]

"The history of the last thousand years tells us that wherever the Church of Rome is not a dagger to pierce the bosom of a free nation, she is a stone to her neck and a ball to her feet, to paralyze her and prevent her advance in the ways of civilization, science, intelligence, happiness, and liberty. Through not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with

tears of blood. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone, such as the world has never seen, will pass over this country, spreading ruin and desolation from North to South. After it is over, there will be long days of peace and prosperity; for popery, with its Jesuits and merciless Inquisition, will have been forever swept from our country."—*Abraham Lincoln.* [Applause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I would rather think in line with such men as these than be classed with the spineless preachers and thimble-brained laymen who are jabbing at me with toothpicks and saying I ought to preach the gospel and let Romanism alone. [Applause.] Nine-tenths of the people who are always objecting to what some one else is doing would not know the gospel if they met it on the street. [Laughter.] And the preacher who hasn't gotten far enough into the alphabet of the gospel to discover that it condemns Romanism ought to go back to plowing corn. [Applause.]

But I doubt if he would have sufficient gumption to discriminate between the weeds and the corn. [Laughter.]

I have repeatedly called your attention to the fact that Catholics of to-day are taught that their church is infallible, and therefore unchangeable. In the preceding lecture I affirmed that the decrees of Romanism against heretics have not only never been rescinded, but are still taught as doctrines divine, and that the old-time spirit of persecution—shorn of its legal power—is yet in existence, manifesting itself in numerous ways. And I submitted irrefutable evidence in support of the affirmation.

To-night I shall prove just as conclusively that Rome's political ambitions are as robust and determined to-day as they were in 1213, when King John of England was humiliated, and in 1209, when Count Raimond of France was beaten, and in 1077, when Emperor Henry of Germany kissed the pope's toe. [Laughter.] Perhaps some of you, who have attended all these meetings, are convinced by this time that when I say I'll prove

something I mean business. [Applause.] And you will also recall that I usually pour the final glass of cider out of the Catholic jug. [Laughter.] In support of the charge I've just preferred, I shall rely exclusively upon Catholic testimony, giving you only a little of the mass in my possession. For a few minutes, therefore, you will have to drink only from the Catholic jug. [Laughter.] And I hope the beverage will sufficiently intoxicate you to stir your patriotism and determine you to at once start a movement in Columbus that will tell Romanism it does not own the very air you breathe. [Applause.]

Thomas Aquinas lived in the thirteenth century, but his *"De Regimime Principum"* and *"Summa"* are still taught in the Catholic seminaries.

Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical of 1879, commanded that all the doctrines of Aquinas should be taught. And that command, like all other Papal commands, is still law in the Catholic Church. I can give you only a snatch of this present-day Catholic teaching, and here it is

—*verbatim et literatim.* "The Church of Rome is one monarchy over all the kingdoms of the earth, and is, among temporal kingdoms, as the mind or soul in the body of a man, or as God in the world. The Church of Rome was instituted by Christ to direct men to the ultimate end of man; and therefore must be unerring, and must also govern all secondary ends; must order everything which has the least relation to the ultimate end, whether it helps or obstructs men in reaching the end. Therefore the Church of Rome must not only have all spiritual power, but also the supreme temporal power."

How does that sound over here in America in the year 1914? If any of you have been blind to the situation, and have concluded that the Roman Church long ago sent her political ambitions to purgatory [laughter], and is now spending all her time saying mass [laughter], perhaps this will serve you as an eye-opener.

But when the eyes are pried open, they usually need a little ointment to

make the vision clearer. Don't get uneasy and fear that the medicine-chest may be empty; I have plenty of ointment. [Laughter.] Before I began practicing on this case, I anticipated the demand for medicine, and "stocked up." [Laughter.]

I could rummage among the ancient medicine-shelves, but I haven't much use for an out-of-date doctor. [Laughter.]

The first application will be that of a salve made by Dr. Leo XIII. in 1885. [Laughter.] Its technical name is *"Immortale Dei."* This Encyclical proclaims that "the pope has supreme authority, spiritual and temporal; and has the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and has a supreme legislative, judicial, and coactive authority in both spheres." Now, I know your eyes feel a little easier. [Laughter.]

But wait. I'll pour a little ointment out of the present Papal bottle [laughter] and it will cut away what remains of the cataract the "Catholic Benevolence" scheme has grown over your eyes. Pius X. is pointed to as a liberal pope. The truth is, he is about as straight as a

pretzel. [Laughter.] In his recent Encyclical to the French, *"Vehementer Nos,"* he declares: "That church and state should be separated is a most false and pernicious doctrine." Isn't that superlatively delicious! [Laughter.] Doesn't it make your eyes feel good? [Laughter.] I told you I could cure you. [Laughter.]

From the first proclamation of universal Papal supremacy down to the last word spoken upon the subject, by the present pontiff, the Catholic Church has taught, as she intends to always teach, that the pope is the only logical ruler of the world.

If Pius X. should speak a word or write a sentence against universal Papal dominion, he would, by that act, put a lie between the lips of all his predecessors, declare the Papacy fallible, and touch a spring in Peter's chair which would shoot him, like a sky-rocket, into a mud-hole on Mars. [Laughter.] He would be deposed so suddenly that he would think Mrs. Pankhurst and a million suffragettes had dropped down out

of the sky into his bachelor quarters about two minutes before breakfast. [Laughter.] And he would go down in history as an antipope. Therefore, perhaps he should not be too severely censured for saying to himself: "Times are hard and living is high. It would be difficult for an old bachelor, like me, to make both ends meet—should I leave the Vatican. I doubt if, at my time of life, I could marry a rich widow. [Laughter.] And, although I live in the twentieth century and know better, I'll continue this silly notion of Papal supremacy and hold on to my job." [Applause.]

But I'm not yet through with your eyes. They have fully recovered their sight. But, inasmuch as the majority of you are getting along in years [laughter], I think you will need some extra glimmers. [Laughter.] I shall, therefore, hang a pair of American glasses on your nose. [Laughter.] And when they are properly adjusted, you will have no doubts about the thing you are looking at.

In an uncontradicted sermon, re-

ported to have been delivered in St. Louis, June 30, 1912, by Father D. S. Phelan—pastor of Mt. Carmel Church and editor of the *Western Watchman,* and reputed to be one of the brainiest and most influential men in the Catholic Church to-day—we read the following patriotic deliverance: "Why is it everybody is afraid of the Catholic Church? And the American people more afraid of her than any people of the world? Why are they afraid of the Catholic Church? They know what the Catholic Church means. It means all the Catholics of the world; not of one country, or two countries, but all the countries of the world. And it means more than that: it means that the Catholics of the world love the church more than anything else; that the Catholics of the world love the church more than they do their own governments, more than they do their own people, more than they do their own fortunes, more than they do their ownselves. We of the Catholic Church are ready to go to the death for the church. Under God, she is the supreme object of

our worship. Tell us that we think more of the church than we do of the United States; of course we do. Tell us we are Catholics first and Americans or Englishmen afterwards; of course we are. Tell us, in the conflict between the church and the civil government, we take the side of the church; of course we do. Why, if the Government of the United States were at war with the church, we would say, to-morrow, to hell with the Government of the United States; and if the church and all the governments of the world were at war, we would say to hell with all the governments of the world."

I understand that some of my critics are accusing me of delivering inflammatory speeches. But it's a case of mistaken identity. [Laughter.] Father Phelan's the fellow that's doing it, out in St. Louis. [Laughter.]

But don't leave the soda-fountain yet. [Laughter.] The holy St. Louis father is about to pour another refreshing drink of loyal Americanism out of that gill bottle he calls his head. [Laughter.]

"Why is the Pope such a tremendous

power? All the emperors, all the kings, all the princes, all the Presidents of the world to-day, are as these altar boys of mine. The Pope is the ruler of the world." This according to the reported sermon of June 30, 1912.

Hey, Teddy! [laughter] Go to St. Louis and put Father Phelan in the Ananias Club! [Laughter.] He's told a whopper! [Laughter.]

If you think Rome has become so old and feeble that she's lost her political ambitions, you are reckoning without your host.

The old lady has lived a long time. But, while she's suffering considerably with congestion of the confessional-box iniquities [laughter], inflammation of public sentiment [laughter], and a clearly pronounced case of bacheloritis [laughter], she's still quite spry [laughter]—and she's reaching for Uncle Sam's chin-whisker. [Laughter.] And if once she gets her fingers round it good and tight, she'll swing the old gentleman about until he'll think he's Josiah Allen, tumbling down the stairs at Saratoga.

If some one should propose that there should be a Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian delegate at Washington, or that our Government should be permanently or now and then officially represented at the headquarters of either of these or any Protestant denomination, he would be considered a fit subject for the lunacy commission. [Applause.]

Or if it should be suggested that a delegate, representing all the Protestant denominations, be stationed at Washington, the proposition would be regarded as a big joke. [Applause.]

And if the Jews should come forward with their official representative, Uncle Sam would split his sides with laughter. [Applause.]

If it be argued that I'm treading on thin ice and am likely to fall through into hot water [laughter], I would like to ask a few questions.

Why is it that the Roman Church has a standing cabinet which, through her agents the world around, keeps the Vatican posted regarding all details of governmental affairs under the sun? And

if the Vatican is not in politics, why does it wish such information? If any are disposed to doubt the propriety of this question, let them consult the files of the London *Times* and read Lord Robert Montague's articles.

Why does Uncle Sam's face settle into serious repose at the mention of a Papal delegate? Why doesn't he throw his star-spangled hat into the air, slap his striped trousers, and laugh till his teeth fly out [laughter] when Rome says to him: "Bend down. I want to whisper something of a confidential nature into your ear"? [Applause.]

Why the suspicious visits of busy cardinals to the United States? And why do they always manage to get into secret touch with the influential men of our country? Why is there a handsome building in Washington, maintained as the headquarters of the "Papal Delegate to the Catholic Church in the United States"? Why is this building in Washington instead of Baltimore, or some other Catholic stronghold? And why is it constantly surrounded with such

an atmosphere of mystery—if it is in nowise the headquarters of a nuncio to our Government?

Why did President Taft send Major Butt, an employe in the United States Government, over to Rome? I've seen the explanation that Major Butt simply carried greetings from the President to the Pope. But why partiality? Why didn't the President send the Major with greetings to the head of the Episcopal Church in England, and the head of the Lutheran Church in Germany, and the head of the Greek Church in Russia? [Applause.] Are we to conclude that his supply of greetings was too limited to go around? [Laughter.] I do not wonder that the "Titanic," on which the greeting-bearer was returning home, decided to hide her blushing face and plunged to the bottom of the ocean. [Applause.]

And why have our Presidents formed the habit of taking members of the Cabinet and going to St. Patrick's on Thanksgiving Day, thereby setting an obnoxious precedent, and, whether they

acknowledge or deny it, officially recognizing the Roman Catholic Church? [Applause.] Why do they not distribute their Thanksgiving visits among all the great churches? [Applause.]

Many have inquired, since these meetings began, as to the complexion of my politics. I have nothing to conceal, and I'll admit that I've spent all my life voting for Bryan. [Laughter.] And when Wilson was inaugurated and Bryan became Secretary of State, I threw up my cap and shouted, "Hurrah! The country's saved again!" [Laughter.] But when, on last Thanksgiving Day, Wilson and Bryan—each an elder in the Presbyterian Church—proceeded to St. Patrick's, against the united protest of the Washington clergy and the wishes of the entire American Protestantism which had put them in office, and participated in a ceremony from which their hearts were as far removed as the poles are apart, I was ashamed to look my dog in the face and tell him I was a Democrat. [Laughter.]

But you Republicans needn't laugh so

hilariously at the predicament we Democrats are in. [Laughter.] Think of Taft and hang your own heads. [Laughter.]

Unless the sign-posts are all mismarked, the Democratic and Republican parties have each sold out to Rome, and are both in the same boat—sinking together. [Applause.]

The American people are gradually awaking from their "party loyalty sleep," and the time is at hand when the integrity of their institutions will mean more to them than political parties. [Applause.]

If the Republican party should cut loose from Rome and let the people know it, I believe the elephant could come back. [Applause.] But I don't believe it has the sense and the backbone to do it. [Applause.]

The Catholic Church is neither Democratic nor Republican. But the Democratic and Republican parties are both Roman Catholic. [Applause.] If there were no other evidence, the Chicago and Baltimore conventions would verify the statement. [Applause.]

But while the spectacular exhibitions of party loyalty to Rome are disgusting in the extreme, such episodes as the President kissing the Pope's toe—pare-
(?) gorically speaking [laughter]—are not so serious as Rome's manipulation of governmental machinery under cover. [Applause.]

Consult the rosters and convince yourselves that the Vatican party—operating in the disguise of both Democracy and Republicanism—places its watch-dogs at every possible door. When there is an appointive office of significance hanging over the wall, Rome reaches for it and usually gets it.

If you wish to shake hands with the President, you must first shake hands with Tumulty. [Laughter.] And if you wish to write a letter to the President, I would advise you to direct it to Bryan; it might reach its destination with greater speed. [Applause.]

I'm pointing to the White House door only as an example. The White House is by no means the most important center of our Government.

Come on down the line through the national houses, glance at the committees, and continue your journey of investigation into the governments of States.

You need go no farther than Ohio to be convinced that I'm not chasing a flea. [Laughter.] It's the larger pest I'm after. [Laughter.] Uncle Sam wonders why he can't sleep. But if he would examine his bed, he would discover that his pillow-cases and sheets are peppered all over with the stains of his own blood. [Laughter.] Count the Catholics on the bench and at the head of departments in Ohio—number them one by one—and don't overlook the fact that the secretaries of the industrial and administration boards are in a position to guard Rome's interests. And when you have consulted the political map of Ohio, you will have looked at the situation, varied a little here and there, the country over.

Inflate the statistics all you may, by counting children that have died since the beginning of a given year and children yet unborn, and you will discover

that the Catholics do not constitute one-fifth of our country's population. The Catholic representation in our multiplex government is, therefore, out of all proportion to the Catholic population. Why?

Parties have come and parties have gone, but Rome has pushed and is pushing steadily on—getting her hooks into the network of our Government, both Federal and State, to say nothing of the municipal end of the game.

In 1888 James G. Blaine introduced a bill in the House of Representatives the object of which was the safeguarding of our school funds and public lands against sectarian abuses. Senator Blair unhesitatingly said the bill was defeated as a consequence of Catholic influence.

But that is not the only fish the Pope has kept our lawmakers from pulling ashore. If you will watch the houses at Washington, and the State Legislatures as well, you will frequently see good-looking fish dangling above water, then you will hear a splash and they are gone. [Laughter.] There's an unseen hand

which reaches forth and unhooks them. [Laughter.] Rome teaches that in the olden days she performed miracles. I don't believe it. But I'm convinced that, at Washington and our State capitols, she performs miracles nowadays. [Laughter.]

But let us glance at some of our more specific institutions.

Is the Catholic Church opposed to our public schools? It will not require much time to answer the question.

A book to Catholic parents, "Judges of Faith; Christian vs. Godless Schools," endorsed by Cardinal Gibbons and other high Romish churchmen, and containing the rulings of twenty councils, six synods, and two popes, denounces the public school as "vicious," "filthy," "irreligious," "scandalous," "unchristian," "diabolical," "godless," "positively dangerous," "a detestable system," and "a place where children imbibe germs of infidelity and immorality."

Freeman's Journal, a Catholic paper, said: "Let the public-school system go back to where it came from—the devil."

In 1902, in one of the largest Catholic churches of Chicago, the priest delivered a sermon in which he said: "Parents who send their children to the godless public school are going straight to hell."

But why multiply testimony? Leo XIII. spoke, *ex cathedra,* against the public school; the present pontiff is, *ex cathedra,* against it; the Catholic press is against it, the Catholic priesthood is against it, and the argument is complete.

Nevertheless, the Catholic Church sees to it that she is influentially represented both on the school boards and in the classroom.

Furthermore, while at present there is a lull in the agitation of the subject, Rome's demand for a division of the school funds is not hushed—nor will it be for years to come.

That the Catholic Church is opposed to free speech is evidenced by the meetings she has broken up, one of which was at New Lexington, Ohio, only a few weeks ago.

Eighteen or twenty years ago, when the Christian Endeavor Convention was

held in Montreal, a Catholic mob cut down the tent in the afternoon and besieged the Drill Hall at night. The soldiery of the city had to be called out to protect the Christian Endeavorers. I was in both the tent and the hall, and know whereof I speak.

And an official demand, which contained the usual low-down, cowardly, hell-born boycott threat, was made, right here in Columbus, that the officers of this church should padlock my mouth. [Laughter.] But the key was lost and it couldn't be padlocked. [Laughter.] And, while I inaugurated this series of lectures entirely on my own responsibility, I wish to add that the officers of this church had backbones and stood by the ship. [Applause.]

I'll not be so mild as to say Roman Catholicism is opposed to a free press. The general press of our country is no longer free; it is chained down good and tight. This is a sweeping statement. But if I don't prove it, I'll eat my only hat and go bareheaded till Bryan is elected President. [Laughter.]

In his book, "America or Rome," Brandt states, and submits an abundance of evidence in support of his charge, that the Catholic Church dominates the mechanical, distributing, reportorial, and editorial departments of the great papers; that she censors the Associated Press news; and that the boycott club is held over the management of every newspaper in the land. But, as I have more specific evidence, I'll dismiss Mr. Brandt and order his testimony stricken out.

During the past six weeks, if I'm correctly informed, this church has been an interesting center—talked about on the streets, in offices, and even made the topic of conversation in towns fifty and sixty miles away. [Applause.]

People tell me I am speaking to audiences twice as large as any other in the city. Each Monday morning we read about church meetings, great and small. But our enterprising newspapers have forgotten that I'm in town. [Laughter.] I'm not disappointed. [Applause.] There's a reason, and I know its nature. [Laughter.] Had our papers given ex-

cerpts of these lectures, they would have lost thousands of dollars—the absence of Catholic advertisements would have made them baldheaded. [Laughter.] The silence of the Columbus papers is pretty good evidence. But we will let it slide, also. I have better testimony. [Applause.]

I have here [holding it up] an affidavit, made day before yesterday by a gentleman who now sits within ten feet of this Bible-stand—a man well known throughout the city and highly respected by all. He states in this instrument that, thinking this a good time to get anti-papal literature into the homes of the people, he contracted with one of our daily papers to run an ad calling attention to the merits of the *Protestant Magazine.* He paid $4.80 for the space and received the receipt. But his money was returned, and he was informed by the man "higher up" than the desk agent that the contract had been canceled. In a subsequent conversation he offered to modify the ad. But the man "higher up" replied that it could not be accepted

under any circumstances. Think of it! A newspaper that runs whisky ads, and, like all other papers, seeks all kinds of ads, declining to advertise the most conservative antipapal magazine in the country! [Applause.] Think of it! A Columbus newspaper violating a written contract, in which a money receipt figures, and laying itself liable to successful prosecution—simply to keep on good terms with Rome! [Applause.] This is splendid testimony. But I'll throw it out, and rest my case on something else. [Applause.]

Now, I've thrown away all this evidence—evidence that would stand in any court—and dismissed the witnesses. What shall I do? [Laughter.] If ever a man was in a pickle, I'm that man. [Laughter.] Ah! I hear an idea coming down through the dome! I have it! [Looks up and catches it like a ball.] [Applause.] Why should I have remained, even a moment, in this hot box of extremity when my faithful old witness was so near? [Applause.] You will recall that from the beginning of these

lectures until now, Rome has been my "friend indeed" because she has been my "friend in need." [Applause.]

Dear old Rome! [Laughter.] You have sustained me in every argumentative crisis. You have been faithful and truthful [laughter] in this campaign, and I have every reason for believing that you will not forsake me now and leave me helpless and embarrassed before this great audience. [Applause.] I'm now in the tightest of all the tight places I've been in yet [laughter], and if I ever needed your friendship, it's here and now. [Laughter.] Come to my rescue, friend of mine! [Laughter.]

"I'm coming!"

Why, how do you do? [Greets Rome with hearty handgrasp.] I'm delighted to see you. Pray be seated.

Madam, I've managed to get myself into a scrape. I asserted that you control the general press of the United States. I had some excellent witnesses—all unimpeachable. But I dismissed them and threw their testimony out of court. And now I rely entirely upon your

generosity. If you fail me, I shall sink —never to rise again. But if you sustain me, I'll appreciate the favor and give you another thrashing next Sunday night. [Laughter.] Please face the jury and state whether or not I told the truth.

The old lady advises me that, as she has waddled along at a rapid gait to get here and rescue me, she is out of breath and will make Father Phelan her mouthpiece. [Applause.] I think you have heard of the gentleman. [Laughter.] She hands me a copy of the *Western Watchman* [holds up the paper], issued Jan. 22, 1914. [Applause.] The entire eleventh page and a column of the fourteenth contain the text of Father Phelan's sermon delivered in Mt. Carmel Church, St. Louis, Jan. 25, 1914. This sermon is such a brillant gem that it was pulled and put into type before it was delivered. [Laughter.] I would like to read you the whole of this remarkable sermon; it's as entertaining as a Punch and Judy show. [Laughter.] But I can take only enough time to read two items.

1. "If the Catholics were united, we could walk over the world." If you doubt Rome's desire to "walk over the world," ask Father Phelan about it. He never loses an opportunity to open his mouth and put his foot in it. [Laughter.]

2. "We are respectable people, we are intelligent people, we can hold our own anywhere. In the pulpit, the world must listen to us. *We control the press of the United States.*" [Applause.]

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rest the case and entertain no fears of an unfavorable verdict at your hands. [Applause.] Bryan can delay his election to the Presidency as long as he pleases, I'll not have to eat my hat. [Laughter.]

I've talked more than an hour, but I'm nothing like through. ["Keep on" from all over the house.]

While I'm neither a Socialist nor a Freethinker, I am a free lance, in the full exercise of my prerogative to state my convictions. I now happen to have a conviction on tap, and I shall at once

proceed to pour it out. [Applause.] If you wish to drink it, well and good. If you don't, you have my permission to continue drinking tea. [Laughter.] However, the time is not far distant when the weak tea of surface sentiment will no longer be on the market, and you will have to steady your nerves with the black, unsweetened coffee of common sense. [Applause.]

Jesus was not little enough to crumple himself up at Cæsar's throne and whine: "Your Excellency, I'm a preacher of righteousness. Therefore, I pray that I may be excused from paying my taxes." [Applause.] He paid his tax, held his head up, and exhibited such sterling masculine strength that Pilate pointed to him and said: "Behold the man!" [Applause.]

One of the most ludicrous performances I've ever witnessed was on a train between Petersburg and Norfolk, Va., when a preacher, weighing at least 250 pounds, pulled himself, with great difficulty, into the vestibule, squeezed through the door, spread himself over an entire

seat, then meekly handed the conductor a child's ticket. [Laughter.]

The Christian religion, like its manly founder, should pay its own way, hold up its head, and walk through the world with an air of independence. [Applause.]

I've been pastor of struggling churches and associated with struggling church enterprises for nearly a quarter of a century; and my life in the future will be sacrificed upon the altar whereon I laid it when only a boy. But I declare to you that, after carefully considering the matter from all viewpoints, I see no reason under the sun why church property of any kind should be exempt from taxation. [Prolonged applause.] The exemption of church property from taxation is incipient union of church and state. [Applause.]

Furthermore, no church that sells a dish of strawberry ice-cream, with no strawberry in it [laughter], or a plate of warm water, with a last year's oyster in it [laughter], is living up to the requirements of the law, which is stretched

over the situation—law stretched so taut that it hangs together only by threads. [Applause.]

So far as hospitals are concerned, the law is stretched still more, even the threads are snapping. [Applause.] The charity accommodations of hospitals are usually so limited that I, for one, have frequently been unable to secure the entrance of worthy patients.

State hospitals are regular, if they are managed in the interests of the public. But church hospitals, exempt from taxation and partially dependent upon State appropriations, are irregular.

And when a church hospital compels a girl of tender years—a charity patient—to work in laundry and kitchen, scrub floors, empty jars, clean expectoration tins, and to sleep in a bed so situated that the wind blows from an open window to it over two tubercular patients, and a Sister whips her because her work is unsatisfactory, as this affidavit [holding up paper], made Jan. 15, 1914, and subscribed to by two reputable citizens, declares a Catholic hospital in our city did

two weeks before last Christmas—it's time for the citizens of Columbus and Ohio to make a sweeping investigation. [Applause.] And I further aver that the law is stretched until even the threads no longer hold together. [Applause.]

But I have, still, a more vital union of church and state to illustrate. I do not personally prefer the charge, because I personally know nothing about it. But this affidavit [produces it], made by a well-known and respected citizen, who, if he swore to a falsehood, ought to be taken in charge by his friends for having been foolish enough to take such a risk [applause], states that, in 1912, a prominent manufacturing company of our city had sixty-three sewing-machines in the convent at West Broad and Sandusky Streets; that these machines were operated by girls, a number of whom were under fourteen years of age; and that these girls were given daily tasks to perform. Before the war you Northern people thought it outrageous that Southern people should assign their slaves daily tasks. According to this document, there

are white slaves right here in your own city—wearing out their lives in a Catholic sweatshop and suffering the imposition of daily tasks! What are you going to do about it! [Applause.] If a secular company's sewing-machines in an untaxed convent sweatshop, and run by children under the scorpion lash of the "daily task," is not union of church and state on a scale that should cause every patriotic citizen of Ohio to rise up in a frame of mind that would be ready to demolish the iniquitous system which throttles our laws and commits such crimes, the word "patriotism" is as empty as a last year's bird's nest. [Applause.]

This evidence in my hands respects only Columbus institutions. But it strengthens the suspicion that Catholic institutions throughout our land are violators of the law. [Applause.] All kinds of charges are preferred against Roman institutions that are exempt from taxation and protected by the Government. No other church would be permitted to have closed institutions, concerning which there was one-hundredth

part as much suspicion as is lodged against the stone buildings of the Catholic Church. [Applause.] Why this partiality? [Applause.]

O men of America! stand up straight, look your Government squarely in the face, and demand that every door shall be swung wide open and the light turned on! [Tremendous applause.]

I have here two other affidavits. But they are of such a nature that I dare not call your attention to their contents. They respect priests. [Laughter.]

All these affidavits will be kept in a business man's safe, where I can put my hands on them at my will. And I wish to add that, if any one is boycotted as a result of these lectures, or any other dirty work is pulled off, I'm not a bit too good to put the law on a convent and a hospital and lift a couple of priests into unpleasant notoriety. [Applause.]

I shall say no more in support of the proposition that Romanism is a menace to American institutions, though there's plenty more that could be said. [Applause.]

Rome acknowledges that she is after our institutions, and, as I proved awhile ago, she even boasts, from the pulpit and in print, that she has captured and controls Uncle Sam's most powerful agency —the public press. And it's my opinion that a Protestant who is so dumb he can not see danger ahead ought to be taken to the confessional-box and put on penance until he learns how to think. [Applause.]

Rome is determined to force Columbus Day on the American people; not that she is patriotic, but to strengthen her cause. She maintains that Columbus was a Catholic. But if any priest, bishop, cardinal, or pope will meet me in debate and try to prove that Columbus was a Catholic, I'll undertake the task of proving that he was a Jew. [Applause.]

It is also rumored that Romanism is quietly planning to create sentiment in favor of putting a cross on the flag.

I daily strive to live with the cross before my eyes. "I am a soldier of the cross."

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers 'round its head sublime!"

I shall humbly follow the cross down the slope of time, and when disease or accident hurls me upon the heaving bosom of the eternal deep, the cross will be my Rock of Ages. [Applause.]

Nevertheless, I know I speak for millions of loyal Americans when I say I stand ready to spill every drop of blood in my body before the cross shall be printed on the flag. [Applause.]

The cross, lifted up in the gospel message—by precept and example—means ultimate universal redemption. [Applause.]

But the cross athwart the "Stars and Stripes" would mean the degradation of America to the illiteracy and depravity of Catholic countries beyond the seas and the hell that is now raging in Mexico. [Applause.]

Last Friday I received a letter from a young man in the U. S. Navy. I'll

read you a snatch from its pages of patriotism:

"I feel doubly proud when the ship's band strikes up 'The Star-spangled Banner,' and I stand at attention and salute the old flag. I love that flag and would die to protect it. As I see it rise to the peak of the ship's flagstaff, a peculiar thrill affects me that is hard to describe." [Applause.]

This young man loves the flag and would die for it for the same reason that every true American loves it and would die for it. [Applause.]

The flag stands for an unfettered state, liberty of conscience, free speech, an unbound press, and the freedom of all other institutions of public interest. [Applause.]

Liberty! On Bedlow's Island she proudly stands, clothed in 220 tons of bronze, and in her outstretched hand, 305 feet above meantide, she holds the torch that will illuminate the world! [Applause.]

VII.

THE REMEDY.

(Rev. 18:2-8.)

For six weeks I have held the greatest menace of the nations up to your view, calling your attention to the most comprehensive themes it presents.

I have endeavored to treat the subject historically and in the light of current events, also from the viewpoint of the law of cause and effect.

And in their discussion I have resorted to neither exaggeration nor intemperance.

I assured you, in the beginning, that only such propositions as could be sustained would be submitted. And if I have preferred a charge that has not been supported by facts, and some one will point it out, I'll buy a pint of holy water and spend my remaining days making crosses on my forehead. [Laughter.]

I have called into consultation a number of the most renowned political and religious diagnosticians of history and the present day, and they agree that the world has suffered and is still suffering the inflictions of a loathsome, deep-seated, extremity-reaching disease known as Roman Catholicism. I've even had doctors such as Baronius, Alzog and Pastor, who were themselves afflicted with the disease, in the consultation. [Laughter.] And they testify, from their own experience, that it is a terrible malady. [Applause.] Several times I've called in the St. Louis quack. [Laughter.] But he thinks the disease affords the patient sensations that are delightful, and hopes everybody will catch it. [Laughter.] He even goes so far as to announce that if he can induce all who have this disease to co-operate with him, he'll cause the whole world to break out with it. [Laughter.]

Seriously, diagnosing a case and prescribing treatment are two different things. And usually the remedies pre-

scribed are about as numerous as the physicians. [Laughter.]

It's strange, but every one seems to know what will cure everything. And it's evidently human nature to recommend cure-alls to others.

Inasmuch as our meetings in the past have been as solemn as funeral occasions [laughter], I'm sure you will pardon me if I relax a little and tell you a yarn. [Applause.]

Two men met on the street one day. And, after the formal greeting, the following conversation took place.

"I-I-I s-see y-you stut-stut-stutter. If-if y-you'll go-go to-to the m-man on-on H-H-igh S-Street that adver-ti-ti-tises, he'll c-c-cure y-you."

"How do-d-do y-you know h-h-he c-can c-c-cure m-me?"

"Why, h-h-he c-c-cured m-m-me." [Laughter.]

For several weeks I've had a cranky cold, which has been brazen enough to let everybody know it was on the job. And you people have been sympathetic and kind enough to come forward after

the meetings, in droves and companies and battalions and regiments, and tell me what to do for it. [Laughter.] The remedies you have suggested have ranged all the way from the old-fashioned ginger stew to a sock tied around the throat at bedtime. [Laughter.] I have very much appreciated your solicitude. But had I taken everything you have recommended, my bank account would have been exhausted [laughter], the drugstores would have been put out of business [laughter], and every Catholic in town would have long since praised God from whom all blessings flow. [Laughter.]

All admit that, religiously, politically, commercially, and socially, there's something wrong. Every one who does any thinking has a remedy to offer, and those of us who do no thinking are the most insistent upon the remedies we suggest. [Laughter.]

It has been said that the man who thinks he thinks is the biggest fool in the world.

I plead guilty to thinking that I've

thought some upon Roman Catholicism in its relations to the church, state, and society. And I'm egotistic enough to add that I think my thinking has been done in terms of history, prophecy, psychology, and the logic of situations. I therefore offer no apology for falling in line with everybody else and presenting to you this evening what I consider efficacious remedies for this world-wide disease. Nor do I hesitate to say I think my prescription the best on the market. [Laughter.]

As has been previously stated, Rome is losing out in Europe, and with greater rapidity than is generally suspected. [Applause.] But she is still ambitious to reconquer the world. And, depending upon immigration and a gradually developed political prestige, she hopes to enthrone herself in America and then step forth from our shores to bind her shibboleths upon all the nations of the world.

I know present-day prophecy is considered unreliable. Nevertheless, I predict that within the next fifty years Italy

will become a republic, and that then, if not before, the Vatican will be adorned with a "for rent" sign and the pope will tuck his coffee-pot under his arm and look for bachelor quarters in some other "neck of the woods." [Applause.]

Italy, though Catholic, is learning to read: And "much learning" will eventually open her eyes to the impositions under which she has suffered so long, and make her mad. [Applause.] Her crown is no longer a target for the pope to throw snowballs at. [Laughter.] Pius IX. was the last bad boy who enjoyed that sport. And she is growing weary, already, of a great building no public official can enter, a citizen no law can touch, and a standing army over which she has no control. [Applause.]

But Romanism has a keen eye; it looks through a long telescope, and it views with alarm the steady approach of a distant comet which will some day swish its tail and incidentally brush the Papacy out of Italy. [Applause.] Hence the political preparations, now in

progress, to secure a residence in America for the Pope, when he shall decide—voluntarily, of course—that the climate of Rome is no longer congenial to an old bachelor's health. [Laughter.]

Unless the signboards are all wrong end first, America has been selected as the future theater on whose stage Romanism proposes to do the tango dance. [Laughter.]

That isn't so far-fetched as it sounds. I hold in my hand the monthly magazine* of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, O., dated February, 1914. I'll read you an extract or two from the first article, entitled "The Modern Dance." [Laughter.] The article is a little racy. But I'll skip the sentences that would reflect most upon my lack of good taste, and perhaps you will be able to stand the rest. [Laughter.]

"Girls who kick up their heels in the

*St. Joseph's Cathedral is on East Broad Street, and is the largest and most fashionable Catholic church of Columbus. During the week following the delivery of this lecture, the Bishop of Columbus stated in an interview in the Columbus papers that the article on "Dancing" crept into the magazine unawares, and apologized for its appearance. Yet it was the first and the leading article in the magazine. Quite a commentary on the editorial staff!

tango are doing the will of God. The will of God is that girls should get married . . . and to do that they must exhibit themselves in such wise as to attract the attention of the sterner sex." It's too bad that this article was not written when some of us were younger. [Laughter.]

Let me read a little more of this Scriptural and elevating teaching from our neighbor Broad Street church.

"People do not understand the innocent female mind. Those tango-dancing girls are engaged in God's work. The bewitching little miss who disports her charms in the ballroom is doing God's work as emphatically as the bishop in his orisons." And with that part of the article I agree. [Laughter.] Up to the present time, I've been too busy to go and look at the tango dance. [Laughter.] But I have seen Catholic priests and bishops perform. And if the tango dance is more ridiculous than some of their stunts, it certainly is a whirlwind. [Laughter.]

How did I get hold of this ably edited,

religious magazine? I have a way of getting what I want, and I happened to want this little treasure of wisdom. [Laughter.]

But we will draw the curtain on that little show and proceed to business.

In view of Rome's proposed future operations, and in consideration of the fact that Uncle Sam already has a good-sized Catholic carbuncle on his neck [laughter], I shall confine my prescriptions to his case.

After all, I find myself in accord with that song, a line of which runs:

"As goes America, so goes the world."

[Applause.]

I recall a sick-room in which the patient was in extreme pain. And I remember that the physician said something about treating the case symptomatically, then prescribing a course of constitutional treatment.

My knowledge of medicine is about as limited as is the average priest's knowledge of the Bible. [Laughter.]

However, as the constitutional treatment would be long and tedious, I have

an idea the physician realized that the patient had to be relieved of immediate distress; hence his reference to symptomatic treatment.

Whether my inference be right or wrong, it will illustrate the methods I shall propose for the immediate relief of Uncle Sam's painful neck. And after specifying these quick remedies, I shall prescribe the only constitutional treatment which, from my viewpoint, will drive every germ of Roman Catholicism from the old gentleman's system. [Applause.]

The first thing necessary is a good, thick, hot poultice of publicity, pressed down as hard as he can stand it on his carbuncle, and kept there until the germs stop wriggling so near the surface—thereby reducing the inflammation and easing the pain. [Applause.]

But what is to be the medium of immediate, widespread publicity?

I proved to you, in the preceding lecture, that the general press of the country has been drawn into the boil; and that's one reason why our uncle holds his head

bent over so far and emits such pathetic groans when he tries to turn his head. [Laughter.] The general press, therefore, can not be relied upon.

It's also evident that the two great political parties have tumbled—headlong—into the carbuncle and are boiling with the press. [Laughter.] That's what makes the old man too sick at his stomach, on Thanksgiving Day, to enjoy his turkey dinner. [Laughter.]

With the general press and the two dominant parties eliminated, we have left only the independent press, the pulpit, the free lance on the platform, a few small political parties, and other odds and ends of scattered agencies. By way of agitation, these agencies—all save one—are loyally applying themselves to the great educational task. But the treatment is too slow.

The most immediately available agency is the one that is practically silent—the pulpit. I say "practically silent" because, while the pulpit, here and there, is opening its mouth upon the subject, it has not yet made an attack upon Roman

Catholicism at all commensurate with its information, convictions, and opportunities. Preachers, like priests, are human. [Laughter.] And I fear some shrink from the possibility of bodily harm, unpleasantness for their families, and especially the fearful threat of boycott which Rome never fails to make.

I could call your attention to publicity efforts upon the part of the pulpit in several localities—efforts that have attracted widespread interest.

But the effort, closing to-night, upon the part of this pulpit, will serve as an illustration of what preachers everywhere could and will yet do.

This is one of the large auditoriums of the city, and it is so located that it is not at all accessible to the masses. Yet for seven weeks its capacity has been taxed, and multitudes have been turned away. To-night the country is in the grasp of the worst blizzard of the season. The streets are well-nigh impassable. It is with difficulty that one can push through the cold, blinding storm. But when I arrived, a half-hour before the

time for services, the house was full. [Applause.]

This is only one pulpit. Nevertheless, it has put people, in every part of the city and in surrounding towns, to thinking and talking upon the outrages of Roman Catholicism. [Applause.]

Now, let us suppose that, instead of one pulpit, all the pulpits of the city had held the subject up to public view for seven weeks. What would the results have been? I'll tell you. By now, Romanism would have dropped its big boycott stick and been on its knees, begging for mercy and promising to be good. [Applause.] Every newspaper in town would have cut loose from the general press regulations and swung into line with Protestantism. [Applause.] Doors to gloomy buildings would have been unlocked [applause], pale-faced girls would have been liberated [applause], and sewing-machines would have jumped out of sweatshops [applause] and gone through the air back to their owners, like "singers" in springtime. [Applause.]

And suppose all the Protestant ministers in Ohio should speak, long and loud, upon the subject. Romanism would think San Francisco had come over to pull off an earthquake. [Laughter.]

And while we are supposing, we will suppose that the Protestant ministry of America should speak, as the voice of one man and in no uncertain terms, pointing to the extreme fallacy of Roman teaching, the depravity of the system, and the dangers that confront our country. [Applause.] Such an effort would put into concrete shape, on a nation-wide scale, the movement now so slowly engineered by the minor agencies, and it would be the beginning of the end. [Applause.] The priests and bishops and cardinals would think they had smallpox [laughter]; Father Phelan, of St. Louis, would think he had mumps, instead of the swelled head he now has [laughter]; and the old bachelor over in the Vatican would think he had suffered a stroke of matrimony. [Laughter.]

We have demonstrated, here, the theory that, if the preachers would speak

out upon Romanism, the people would listen—both Protestants and Catholics. [Applause.] Catholics, in large numbers, have attended these meetings, and a number have already declared that their eyes have been opened and that they are done with Romanism. [Applause.]

How to induce the ministry to sail into Romanism is the question. But where there's a will there's always a way. And I think I can prescribe a remedy for that little malady also. [Applause.]

If I were a lay member of the church, I'd bet you a penny against a doughnut that my preacher would get on the job. [Applause.] I would personally request him to do it. And if my personal request availed nothing, I would create a sentiment among a few strong, well-balanced members which would open his mouth and start it going with such terrific speed that it would beat the limited express to Chicago. [Laughter.]

Every preacher knows Roman Catholicism is a menace to religion, society and the state; they are all informed upon the

subject. I'm confident that ninety-nine out of a hundred feel a personal responsibility in the matter. And I believe the laymen in Columbus, who are now red hot upon the subject, could start a propaganda that would spread over Ohio and sweep the nation. [Applause.]

And it will be done. If the movement does not start from Columbus, it will start from some other center. The agitation is on, and the pulpit will swing into active line in the very near future.

In the meantime, it is the duty of every loyal American, whose eyes are open, to be intensely active in the distribution of antipapal literature, and in every other possible way to spread the light and dispel the darkness. [Applause.]

Also, while waiting for the greater opportunities the day of widespread publicity will usher in, it is not only the privilege, but the duty, of enlightened men in every city and town to create and maintain organizations for the dissemination of light and the protection of their business interests. [Applause.]

Wherever a good, strong, unyielding court of the Guardians of Liberty becomes a community factor, it is a sharp knife which not only lances the carbuncle, but rips out the big boycott germ—now grown into a boa-constrictor—and affords quick relief. [Applause.]

It has been said that people who stand on high ground must, sometimes, fling low. In these speeches I've repeatedly flung low. But there was no other way. It's a low thing I've been flinging at, and I've had to fling low to hit it. [Applause.]

I try to live in the Alpine heights, and nothing would have afforded me more pleasure than to have stood on the most stately peak and talked to you about angels. I've talked about angels, but they are the kind that inhabit the lowlands. [Laughter.]

The ideal day has not yet arrived, and we are therefore compelled to employ the resources at hand. And when necessity demands it, I'm in favor of treating poison with poison and fighting fire with fire. [Applause.] There came

a time in the ministry of our Master when a sermon would have availed nothing, and he resorted to whip-cords. [Applause.]

Catholics are no more anxious to lose money in business than are Protestants. And, inside of a month, the Protestants of Columbus could establish a situation that would cause Romanism to tie a dead cat to its boycott stick and toss it into the Scioto River. [Applause.]

The effrontery of the brazen demand —accompanied by a boycott threat—that this series of lectures should be discontinued, is a challenge to the Protestant manhood of Columbus. [Applause.]

Had we retired before this threat, Romanism would have become so bold that public speech would have been put under whip and lash for ten years. [Applause.] But together we have played the band for seven weeks. [Applause.] I've blown the mouth-harp and you have pounded the drum. [Laughter.] All predictions have failed. Meetings have been mobbed out of business in other localities. But, because we have stood

together, our program has remained before the footlights. [Applause.] We are still all here, and, so far, no one has lost any teeth. [Laughter.] The boycott cat continues to watch the mouse-hole, but it hasn't yet jumped. [Laughter.] And one series of lectures against Romanism is about to close with its hat on straight. [Applause.]

If the Protestantism of Columbus is ever to have an auspicious moment in which to say to Romanism, "Get in the ring, if you want to play the game of boycott," and to untie the hands of our newspapers, it's now. [Applause.]

If the hundreds of Protestant men who have attended these meetings, and applauded this *expose* of Romanism, do not pick up the glove thrown down by the Knights of Columbus, I'll be ashamed to acknowledge that I wear trousers. [Tremendous applause.]

And if any of you know of a man who is too cowardly to join in such a movement, I wish you would bring him to me; I would like to say "Boo!" at him and scare him to death. [Laughter.]

But I'm not yet through with the symptomatic treatment. A powerful disinfectant should be poured down into the recesses of Uncle Sam's carbuncle. [Laughter.] This heroic treatment would cause him to grind his teeth for a bit, but it would soon enable him to turn over and get a little needed rest. [Laughter.] And if you will follow me closely for about ten minutes, I think you will find no difficulty in discovering the nature of the remedy.

But before giving you the prescription, I wish to make an explanation. It is reported all over the city that I'm a Socialist and the Broad Street Church of Christ is a hotbed of Socialism. [Laughter.] It sounds like a Roman report. [Laughter.] If the Democratic party doesn't cut loose from Rome, I'll leave it. [Applause.] And if I do, it will mean the end of the Democratic party. [Laughter.] But I'm still a Democrat in good standing, and am praying and hoping that my party will yet give Rome a "black eye" and redeem its reputation. [Applause.] There are

also two or three other Democrats in the church. [Laughter.] Every now and then I see a man in an obscure corner, his hair standing on end, and looking scared. [Laughter.] And I always know he's a Democrat. [Laughter.] But, in this congregation, we Democrats are about as scarce as hen's teeth. [Laughter.] I know of at least one party Prohibitionist in the church, and he's a fine man. [Applause.] So far as I've been able to learn, the majority of the men in this church are straight-laced, double-decked, dyed-in-the-wool Republicans. [Applause.] If there's a Socialist in the church, I've never met him.

But the doors of this church are wide open to all. [Applause.] Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, Socialists, Mugwumps, Know Nothings and Suffragettes—all may come in. [Applause.] And even Catholics may forsake the Roman party and find a welcome here. [Laughter.] Now, I think that report is corrected. [Applause.]

As I study the political situation, I see the Socialist, Labor, and all kindred

parties, the Prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League, and the progressive elements in both the Democratic and Republican parties—all agitating reform. [Applause.] There is a universal restlessness; people everywhere and of all political creeds are saying, "Conditions are wrong, and the situation must be remedied." [Applause.]

Political reform is everywhere in our land, but it is yet in a chaotic state. The clear political platform has not yet been written. But the principles of freedom from every abuse are beginning to twinkle through the murky atmosphere; the evolution continues; the old is receding, and the new is annually coming into closer view, and the day of justice approaches! [Applause.] Whether it will be ushered in by one of the present parties made over, or by a new party which is coming through the future to meet the situation—a party that may take only the good in all the parties and constitute it the foundation of the temple in which America shall be free, prosperous, and happy—I do not know. [Applause.]

But I'm positive that the law which says, "Only the fittest shall survive," has American politics in its grasp. And, taking that law by the hand, I say to it, "I'm willing to trust you." [Applause.]

And I'm also confident that, in the final analysis of its program, this law will discover that Rome has her arms around corrupt business, crooked politics, the liquor traffic, and the social evil; and that it will say to her, "Your hands pollute life and blast bodies with rum; your hands take bread from the hungry; your hands protect and cherish red-light districts—your hands are treacherous and dirty, and I must remove them from the politics of the United States." [Applause.]

But America's Golden Age is not yet here. And while the political pot boils, and the agitation, which is but another name for education, goes on, patriotic Protestantism should keep the vial of common sense tilted over Uncle Sam's carbuncle. [Applause.]

If my own religious communion

taught doctrines and made laws that conflicted with the genius and Government of the United States, I would say, unhesitatingly, that none of its members should be considered eligible to any office in the land. [Applause.] I'm proud of Garfield, but I would say he should never have been President. [Applause.] And I'm proud of Champ Clark, but I would say he should not now be in Congress. [Applause.]

The Roman Church does not recognize the President as the chief magistrate of our country; in her seminaries and from her pulpits she teaches, emphatically, that the Pope is the sovereign of all nations. Suppose the Presbyterians should have proclaimed that the President of our nation is no more than an "altar boy," and that one of its chief presbyters is above all earthly rulers, would Wilson—an elder in that church and a subscriber to all its doctrines—have been elected without a country-wide protest? Had the Methodist Church proclaimed a bishop universal ruler, would McKinley, who indorsed the doctrines of

that church, have received a landslide vote? [Applause.]

Again, Germany has forced the Catholic Church, within her borders, to recognize the validity of her marriage laws. But the Catholic Church in America does not recognize our marriage laws. How long will Protestant America let Rome have the use of untaxed property—worth an amount of money that staggers the mind—in which to teach that every couple married by magistrate or Protestant minister is living in adultery, and that the children of Protestants, from the President down, are illegal and nameless! [Applause.] And when will Protestant America awake to the fact that every loyal Catholic is a part of the system which rebukes her laws and illegitimatizes her children, and that, therefore, no Catholic should be considered a loyal American and eligible to office? [Applause.]

But this isn't all. The *Motu Proprio* decree of Pius X. is in direct conflict with the American system of government. That decree exempts the entire Cath-

olic priesthood from prosecution, if the offense of the priest be committed within the jurisdiction of a Catholic magistrate. It threatens with excommunication any Catholic who brings, without the consent of the higher ecclesiastical authorities, any ecclesiastic before a civil tribunal. That may look innocent to a blind man. [Applause.] But I'm not blind, and I see horns on it. [Laughter.]

Let's interpret it a little. If a Catholic priest assaults you, or commits any other depredation which gives you just cause to proceed legally against him, and you apply to a Catholic magistrate for a warrant with which to apprehend him, that magistrate will be compelled to violate either his obligation to the state or his obligation to his church.

This situation ties one of our most cherished principles to the stake, and jeopardizes the most valuable institution we have. [Applause.]

The most upright and best qualified man for office in Columbus, or any other place, may be a Catholic, and as an officer he might administer the laws righteously

in every detail, exercising neither fear of nor favor for any. Nevertheless, bound as he is religiously, I insist that he is not eligible to any judicial or legislative office in the American system. [Applause.]

Furthermore, unless the New York *World,* two or three years ago, presented its readers with a false statement of police-court news, I can come within a gnat's toe-nail [laughter] of referring you to a concrete example of the disastrous results that are possible when a Catholic occupies a judicial chair. According to that news item—and it is not probable that the *World* would have either intentionally or accidentally slapped Rome in the face with false news—Magistrate John C. Maguire, of the Gates Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, declined to issue a warrant for the arrest of Father Belford on a charge of incitement to murder, preferred by F. C. Lingren. I know nothing about the merits of the case. But I do know that if Magistrate Maguire were a Catholic and had issued that warrant, he would have violated a decree of his church and exposed

himself to excommunication. [Applause.]

After Taft's first nomination, members of the opposition party preferred the charge that he was a Unitarian. Mr. Roosevelt defended his candidate by saying religion did not enter into the situation, and that there was no reason why even a Catholic or a Jew should not be President.

It's a little dangerous to take issue with Teddy. [Laughter.] But I understand he's now in South America, and perhaps I'll not get scalped if I seize the opportunity of his absence to register a personal opinion. [Laughter.]

Jews are not bound by tenets or decrees that conflict with the laws of our land. Therefore, I agree with the ex-President that there is no legal reason why a Jew should not be President.

But Roman Catholics are bound by tenets which not only conflict with, but defy, our entire system of government. Therefore, a Roman Catholic is an unlawful occupant of any magisterial chair he may occupy, be it that of the President or a police justice. [Applause.]

And I, for one, will scratch any and every ticket I may be voting on which the name of a Catholic appears. [Applause.]

Uncle Sam is suffering so terribly with his carbuncle that I've had to spend considerable time on these temporary prescriptions. I have marveled at your patience. The fact that for seven weeks you have wended your way hither, through all kinds of weather, and sat and stood in uncomfortable positions and listened to each of my long-winded speeches to the end, inclines me to be lenient toward you to-night. I shall, therefore, let you off at the end of a short run. [Laughter.] And, for your encouragement, I will say that it will require only a few more hours to prescribe the constitutional treatment. [Laughter.] I feel that the remedy I shall now suggest is the only specific one, which will eventually work the disease out of the old gentleman's entire system and renew his youth like the eagle's. [Applause.]

I've read Paine and Voltaire and

Huxley and Ingersoll and Spencer, and numerous other authors—all along the line from avowed atheists to skeptical scientists and sciolists and notoriety-seeking surfaceites, such as the "sage" of East Aurora, N. Y. I am by no means a sentimentalist. If a question can be answered, I must have the answer before I can tie up with the proposition it introduces. I, therefore, weigh everything—including religion—in terms of cold logic. And when I say I'm convinced that the Christian religion—not as it is now bound with humanisms, but in the original freedom Christ gave it when he called it into being—must guide the destinies of the world, I do not come to you with a vision, or a dream, or an impression, but with a conclusion born of cold-blooded thinking. [Applause.]

The Christian religion of the New Testament is, therefore, the big dose I prescribe for Uncle Sam. [Applause.]

I say the "Christian religion of the New Testament," because Protestantism has shoveled modified Roman Catholicism down his throat until, religiously, his

pulse is weak, his feet are cold, and he's pushing the churches away, and saying: "If you doctors keep on, you will not only fail to cure me, but you will cause me to break out with a clear case of infidelity; then I'll be done for." [Applause.]

And why the accusation that the churches are administering doses of modified Roman Catholicism? Here's the answer.

There never was a creed or discipline or decree issued by church officials until the apostasy, which was the beginning of Roman Catholicism. Prior to the apostasy, the church recognized only the plain teachings of the New Testament. [Applause.]

The apostate church began the manufacture of additional doctrines, and she is still the controlling firm in the business.

The time came when such men as Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Luther rebelled against the false teaching of the church, and the Reformation was begun. The term "begun" is more expressive than any other, because, as every thinker must admit, the Reformation is not yet

complete. Instead of swinging entirely away from Romanism, Protestantism retained the Roman notion of human creeds; hence the nearly two hundred Protestant denominations, the majority of which still cling to the old Roman idea of permitting ecclesiastics to dictate the doctrines proclaimed and the forms of worship practiced. The Apostles' and Nicene Creeds are examples of the errors with which the Protestant church is still cursed.

The divisions of the Protestant church have occurred as a consequence of humanisms, which originated in the apostate church.

Looking down through the centuries and seeing the deplorable divisions of his church, Jesus prayed that these dissensions might disappear. No living man can reconcile the present-day Protestant situation with John 17:21: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." [Applause.]

The world will not listen with any

degree of admiration to the message of a divided church, because such a message is necessarily self-contradictory. The Protestant creeds are as diametrical as the poles. [Applause.]

"Like wandering sheep o'er mountains cold,
Since all have gone astray,
To life and peace within the fold
How may I know the way?

"Bewildered oft with doubt and care,
To God I feign would go;
While many say, 'Lo, here!' 'Lo, there!'
The truth how may I know?"

[Applause.]

Dozens of people—some of them here in Columbus—have told me they felt no interest in the church because of her divisions and clashing creeds. And should I call on all in this vast audience, who are in the same position, to stand up and register their protest against our divided Protestantism, and all such should comply with the request, I'm confident the number would be surprising.

Our divisions are not only keeping multitudes out of and away from the churches, but they constitute a millstone

tied to the neck of the Protestant church in her conflict with Romanism. [Applause.]

While the Protestant churches are chasing one another around the barn—each trying to convince the others its little Romanized creed has been ordained of God—Romanism is stealing the horse. [Laughter.]

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the fact that the world is emphasizing its protest against this folly of the churches by letting the preachers deliver their creed-bound sermons to empty pews. [Applause.]

This, I'm thoroughly convinced, is the only method that will jolt the church into her senses. [Applause.]

I challenge the Protestant ministry to successfully controvert the charge. [Applause.]

When the church throws away her human creeds, abolishes her silly denominationalism, takes her stand squarely upon the only apostles' creed—"Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God"—authorized by Matt. 16: 16, and begins

proclaiming the plain gospel—plus nothing, minus nothing—in its relation to the redemption of the world, the great revival will begin. [Applause.] Then the people will flock, and the temples of worship will have to be enlarged. [Applause.] Rome will think she's the lamb and imagine that she's being pursued by a billion lions. [Applause.] And when Rome's dominion is wrecked, King Alcohol will be dethroned; the red light will go out [applause]; the political sky will be burnished [applause]; the Golden Rule will obtain in the industrial world, making the bloated money king an impossibility, and lifting the laboring classes into a realm of prosperity [applause]; the Christ will come into his own [applause]; heaven will be on earth [applause], and the devil will lose his job. [Applause.]

Rome proudly boasts, from her pulpits and in her press, that she fears nothing at the hands of a divided Protestantism. And this, alone, should cause every Protestant to hang his head in shame. [Applause.]

But Rome is too blind to see that the

Protestant church is revising her creeds, and that when she gets through revising them there will be nothing left to revise. [Applause.] She doesn't see that, while little two-by-four men advocate a continued denominationalism, the men of large vision in every communion are pushing forward the spirit of Christian union. [Applause.] She doesn't see that the New Testament she publicly burned in Champlain, N. Y., as late as 1842—the book she hates in the hands of the common people because its entrance giveth light—is rapidly coming to the front and will ultimately be the only Protestant rule of faith and practice. [Applause.] She doesn't see the cloud Lincoln saw, torn and demolished by a mighty united Protestantism. [Applause.] Rome is dwelling in a fool's paradise! [Applause.]

Uncle Sam's carbuncle will disappear, and not leave a scar on his neck. [Laughter.] Every germ will be driven from his system, and every pimple will slip from his skin. [Laughter.] He will eventually be as hale and ruddy as a lad

of twelve; his muscles will be full and as hard as iron; his face will be as the shining sun; his voice will be as the music of a trumpet, and he will shout the gospel of full-orbed freedom to the nations of the world. [Applause.]

Romanism, driven from Italy, shut out of England and Germany, ridiculed in Ireland, kicked by the smaller nations she now rules, and spurned by the enlightened peoples that are now pagan, will tremble at the sound of his voice, run from his world-wide shadow, and finally jump from the toe of his boot into the clime where they don't shovel snow. [Laughter and prolonged applause.]

Romanism, as I suggested in the first sentence of the series, is the world's mightiest political system—the most powerful foe of the human race. Romanism is the Babylon, out of which all God's people will come—the city whose streets are painted with blood, whose temples are resonant with blasphemy, and whose sins will sink her into perdition. [Applause.] Babylon will fall, never to rise again. [Applause.]

And when this wicked system disappears and the gospel is supreme,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

[Applause.]

THE END.

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